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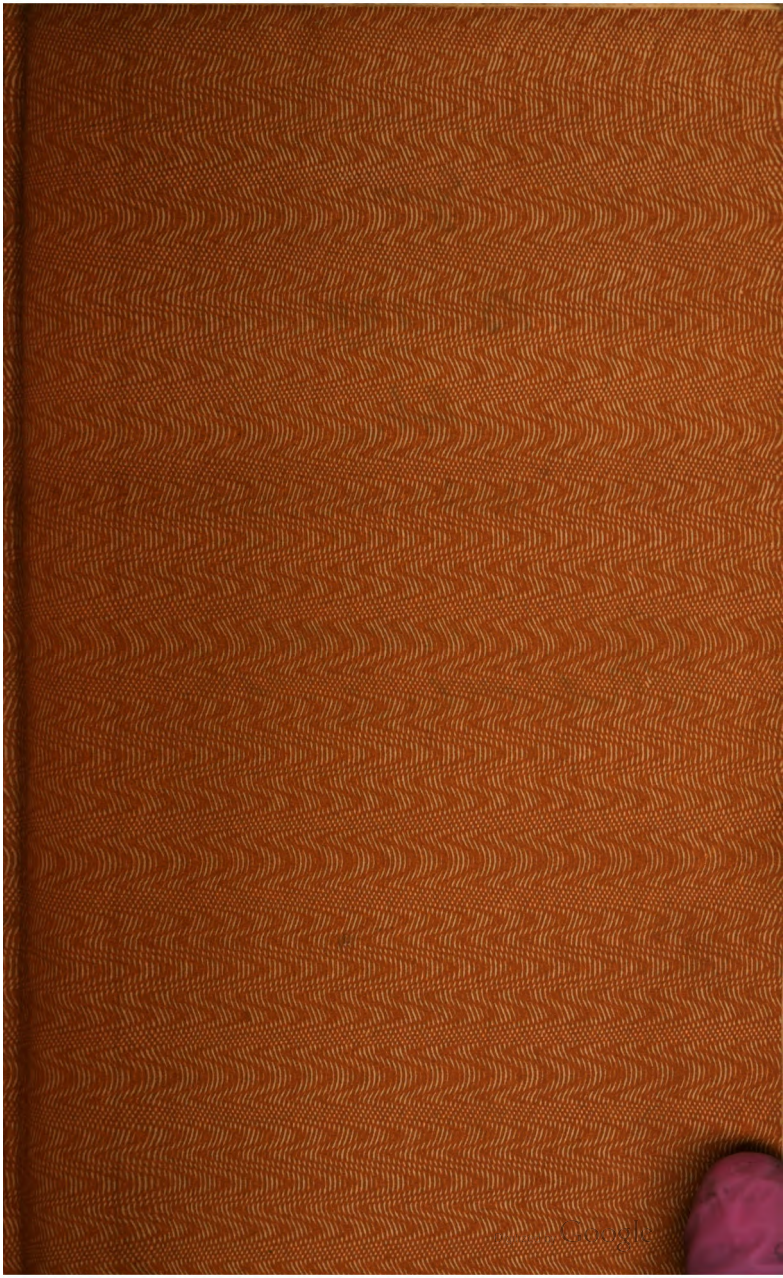
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*The plays and poems of Shakspeare
[according to the text of E. Malone] ...*

William Shakespeare





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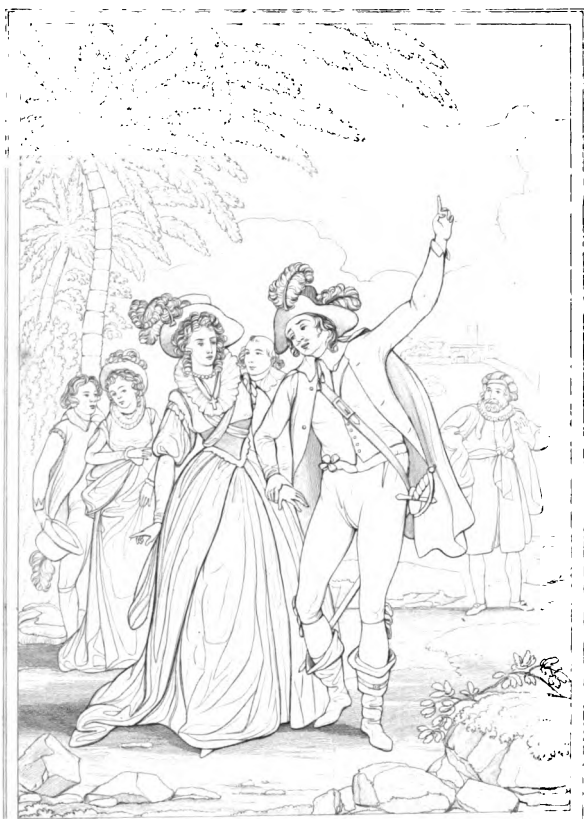
**THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
SHAKSPEARE.**

VOL. V.

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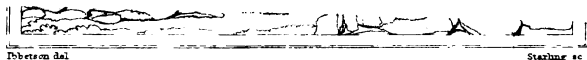
TAMING OF THE SHREW

Petruchio, Katharina, &c

Act IV Scene V

1833.

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TAMING OF THE SHREW

Paruchio, Katharina, &c.

Act IV. Scene V.

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
SHAKSPEARE,

WITH A LIFE, GLOSSARIAL NOTES,
AND ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM THE PLATES IN BOYDELL'S EDITION.

EDITED BY A. J. VALPY, M.A.
LATE FELLOW OF PEMB. COLLEGE, OXFORD.



IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.
VOL. V.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY A. J. VALPY,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET;
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1833.

M. 222.2.1.2.38

Thus while I wondering pause o'er Shakspeare's page,
I mark in visions of delight the sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man who stands sublime ;
A column in the melancholy waste,
(Its cities humbled and its glories past)
Majestic 'mid the solitude of time.

DR. WOLCOT.

Shakspeare is the Homer of the English ; he is altogether national.—
In spite of philosophy and new views, the change of manners and the
progress of knowlege, he reigns in the heart of the literature of his
country.

VILLEMMAIN.

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ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SHAK.

V.

A

HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

The fable of this comedy is taken from a novel, of which Boccace is the original author ; but which was immediately derived by Shakspeare from the tale of Giletta of Narbonne, in the first volume of William Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, printed at London in 1566. To this novel, however, the poet was only indebted for the leading features of the more serious parts of his drama : the comic characters, and especially that of Parolles, appear to be intirely of his own formation.

A supposed allusion to the fanaticism of the puritans induced Malone to assign the date of 1606 to the composition of this play ; but the many passages of rhyme scattered throughout seem to mark it as an earlier production. In 1598 Meres refers to a play of Shakspeare, called *Love's Labor Wonne*, which very accurately applies to this, but to no other of our author's productions : we have reason therefore to conclude that it was intended as a counter-title to *Love's Labor's Lost* ; and that the present proverbial appellation was suggested in consequence of the adage itself being found in the body of the play.

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable ; and some

happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowlege of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage; but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare. I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth: who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage; is accused by a woman whom he has wronged; defends himself by falshood; and is dismissed to happiness.'

A R G U M E N T.

Helena, the daughter of a celebrated physician, conceives a violent attachment to Bertram, count of Rousillon, who on the death of his father repairs to Paris, as a ward of the king of France, at this time languishing under the influence of a distemper which has been pronounced incurable. Directed by the medical knowledge she has received from her father, Helena procures an audience of the monarch, and undertakes to effect his cure, on condition of choosing for herself a husband, with reservation only of the royal family. The king is restored to health, and the lady fixes her choice on Bertram. Unable to resist, the young count reluctantly consents to the nuptials, which are no sooner performed, than he dismisses his bride to her home, and sets out for Florence, whence he sends her a letter intimating his determination of never cohabiting with her till she obtains a ring which he wears on his finger, and is pregnant by him. The receipt of this epistle induces Helena to quit the castle of Rousillon, and proceed to Italy, where she hears of her husband's attempts on the chastity of a widow's daughter, on whom she prevails to procure her admirer's ring, and is afterwards introduced in her stead to the bed of Bertram, who soon after, having received intelligence of the death of his wife, returns to France, and is reconciled to the king, who is about to consent to his union with the daughter of a favorite courtier, when he detects a ring in his possession, which he had formerly presented to Helena, who had contrived to place it on her husband's finger during his supposed assignation with his Italian mistress. Failing to give any satisfactory account of the means by which he obtained it, he is suspected of having murdered his wife, when Helena appears, satisfies her husband of the fulfilment of his requisitions, and is publicly acknowledged by the repentant Bertram.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old lord.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the
Florentine war.

STEWARD, }
CLOWN, } servants to the countess of Rousillon.

A PAGE.

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the countess.

An old WIDOW of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the widow.

VIOLENTA, }
MARIANA, } neighbors and friends to the widow.

Lords attending on the king ; Officers, Soldiers, &c.
French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter BERTRAM, COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA,
and LAFEU, in mourning.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew : but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,¹ evermore in subjection.

La. You shall find of the king a husband, madam ;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you ; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

¹ The heirs of great fortunes were formerly the king's wards.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

La. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam ; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope ; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty ; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living ! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

La. How called you the man you speak of, madam ?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so : Gerard de Narbon.

La. He was excellent, indeed, madam : the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly : he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowlege could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of ?

La. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

La. I would, it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon ?

Count. His sole child, my lord ; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises : her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer ; for where an

unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,¹ there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

La. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood² from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

La. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.³

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

La. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou bless'd, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

¹ Qualities of good breeding and erudition.

² Appearance of life.

³ 'If the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess.'—Johnson.

Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more
will,

That thee may furnish,¹ and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head ! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier ; good my lord,
Advise him.

La. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him !—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your
thoughts, [*to Helena.*] be servants to you !² Be
comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make
much of her.

La. Farewell, pretty lady. You must hold the
credit of your father. [*Exeunt Ber. and La.*]

Hel. O, were that all !—I think not on my
father ;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like ?
I have forgot him : my imagination
Carries no favor in 't, but Bertram's.
I am undone ; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,

¹ Help thee with more and better qualifications.

² May you be mistress of your wishes.

That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me :
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour ; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table ; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick ¹ of his sweet favor : ²
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here ?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake ;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind : withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity ?

¹ Peculiarity or feature.

² Countenance.

Hel. Ay. You have some stain¹ of soldier in you. Let me ask you a question: man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers, which is most

¹ Tincture.

infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin : virginity murders itself ; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese ; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not ; you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't : within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking ?

Par. Let me see : marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying ; the longer kept, the less worth : off with 't, while 'tis vendible : answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion ; richly suited, but unsuitable : just like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date¹ is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek : and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears ; it looks ill, it eats dryly : marry, 'tis a withered pear ; it was formerly better ; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear. Will you any thing with it ?

¹ A quibble on the word date, which means both age, and a candied fruit.

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—
The court's a learning-place ;—and he is one——

Par. What one, i' faith ?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt : that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think ;¹ which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a PAGE.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*]

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

¹ And show by realities what we now must only think.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valor and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of¹ a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky

¹ Comprehend.

Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high ;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune Nature brings
'To join like likes, and kiss like native things.¹
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense ; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love ?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me ;
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Paris. A room in the King's palace.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter KING OF FRANCE, with
letters ; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys² are by the
ears ;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible ; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us

¹ Things formed by nature for each other.

² The inhabitants of a small republic, of which Sienna is
the capital.

For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes :
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face :
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership ! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplined of the bravest : he lasted long ;

SHAK.

V.

B

But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs¹ me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honor.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his² hand: who were below him
He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof³ lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always
say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words,
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,

¹ Renovates.

² Its.

³ Approbation.

To grow there, and to bear)—‘Let me not live,—’
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out;—‘let me not live,’ quoth he,
‘After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; ¹ whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:’——This he wish’d:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some laborers room.

2 *Lord.* You are loved, sir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know ’t.—How long is ’t,
count,

Since the physician at your father’s died?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son’s no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Florish.*]

¹ Merely inventors of new modes of dress.

SCENE III.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter COUNTESS, STEWARD, and CLOWN.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,¹ I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah. The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clown. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clown. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,² Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clown. I do beg your good will in this case.

¹ To act up to your desires.

² To be married.

Count. In what case?

Clown. In Isabel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns¹ are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clown. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clown. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clown. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness.

Clown. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown. You are shallow, madam; ev'n great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He, that ears² my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and

¹ Children.

² Tills.

blood, is my friend : *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one : they may joll¹ horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave ?

Clown. A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next² way :

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find ;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir ; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you ? of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her :—Helen I mean.

Clown. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [singing.
Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?
Fond done,³ done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy.

With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then :—

¹ Clash.

² Nearest.

³ Foolishly done.

Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but or every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clown. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt: it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. *[Exit Clown.]*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and

did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears : she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son : Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level ; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in ; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal ; sithence,¹ in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly : keep it to yourself : many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care : I will speak with you farther anon. [*Exit Stew.*]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me when I was young :

If we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born :

¹ Since.

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them
none.

Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Count. You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother ;

Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent. What's in mother,
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-color'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?
Why ?——that you are my daughter ?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam ;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honor'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.

My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam : would you
were

(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed my mother !—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than ¹ I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-
in-law :

God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,
So strive ² upon your pulse. What, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. ³ Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son ; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors,
That in their kind ⁴ they speak it ; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so ?

¹ I wish it equally as.

² Contend.

³ The cause of your grief.

⁴ According to their nature,



Wheatley del.

Staring sc

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Courtes & Helena

Act I Scene III

SCENE III.

THAT ENDS WELL.

27

If it be so, you have wound a ~~strife~~ ~~down~~



Wheatley del.

Starling sc

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Countess & Helena

Act I. Scene III

SCENE III. THAT ENDS WELL.

27

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew ;

Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose aged honor cites ¹ a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love ; ² O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note ; ³ amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishes, whereof

¹ Proves.

² i. e. Venus.

³ Receipts, in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared to observation.

The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowel'd of their doctrine,¹ have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your
honor

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,
and love,

¹ Exhausted of their skill.

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow, and be sure of this ;—
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Paris. A room in the King's palace.

*Flourish. Enter KING, with young Lords taking leave
for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and
Attendants.*

King. Farewell, young lords : these warlike principles

Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords, farewell :—

Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return,
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes¹ the malady

¹ Owns.

That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords :
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy ¹) see, that you come
Not to woo honor, but to wed it : when
The bravest questant ² shrinks, find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand : beware of being captives,
Before you serve.³

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[the King retires to a couch.]

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay
behind us !

Par. 'Tis not his fault ; the spark——

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars !

Par. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil ⁴
with—

'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and 'tis too
early.'

¹ 'Those excepted who possess modern Italy, the remains
of the Roman empire.'—Holt White.

² Be not captives before you are soldiers.

⁴ In a bustle.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with.¹ By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honor in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals.—
You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one
captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very
sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and ob-
serve his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt
Lords.*] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—— [*seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble
lords: you have restrained yourself within the list

¹ In Shakespeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.

of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time;¹ there do muster true gait,² eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure,³ such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy swordmen. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*]

Enter LAFEU.

La. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

La. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

La. Good faith, across.⁴
But, my good lord, 'tis thus. Will you be cured
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

La. O, will you eat

¹ They are the foremost in the fashion.

² They have the true military step.

³ Dance.

⁴ Unskilfully: a term in chivalry.

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them. I have seen a medicine,¹
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,²
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to arise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

La. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one
arrived,

If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honor,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,³
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

La. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

¹ A female physician.

² The name of a dance.

³ Declaration of the purpose of her coming.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

La. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

La. Nay, come your ways :

This is his majesty ; say your mind to him.

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,¹

That dare leave two together : fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father ; in what he did profess, well found.²

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
him ;

Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death

Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling,

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so :

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honor

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humbleness.

King.

We thank you, maiden ;

But may not be so credulous of cure,

¹ I am like Pandarus.

² Of acknowledged excellence.

When our most learned doctors leave us ; and
The congregated college have concluded
That laboring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate ;—I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics ; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grate-
ful :
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I
give,

As one near death to those that wish him live :
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have
flown

From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee : fare thee well, kind
maid :

Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows :
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent ;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;¹
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
Hopedst thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

¹ 'Pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition.'—Warburton.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What darest thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence ;—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame ;—
Traduced by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak ;

His powerful sound within an organ weak :
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;¹
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime² can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property³
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
And well deserved. Not helping, death's my fee ;
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

¹ May be accounted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.

² The spring or morning of life.

³ In the due performance.

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I will command :

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;

My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy state ;

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observed,

Thy will by my performance shall be served :

So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,

Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must ;

Though, more to know, could not be more to trust ;

From whence thou camest, how tended on :—but

rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted bless'd.—

Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter COUNTESS *and* CLOWN.

Count. Come on, sir : I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clown. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clown. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither, in good faith; if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could.—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clown. O Lord, sir; ¹—there's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, sir;—thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, sir;—nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir;—spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir,' at your whipping, and 'spare not me?' Indeed, your 'O Lord, sir,' is very sequent to ² your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my 'O Lord, sir:' I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

¹ A ridicule on that expletive, then in vogue at court.

² Properly follows.

Clown. O Lord, sir;—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back :

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son :

This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you : you understand me ?

Clown. Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE III.

Paris. *A room in the King's palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

La. They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern¹ and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors ; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowlege, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.²

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

¹ Ordinary.

² Fear is here an object of fear.

La. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

La. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

La. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

La. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of an—

La. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just; you say well; so would I have said.

La. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

La. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

La. Why, your dolphin¹ is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous² spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

La. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

La. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a

¹ The Dauphin.

² Wicked.

farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be——

La. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

La. Lustick,¹ as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.²

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

La. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

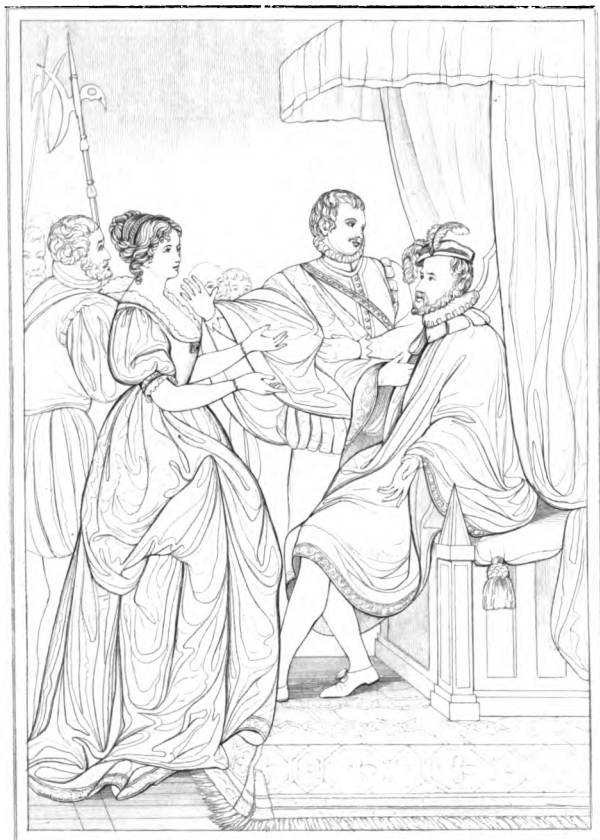
Enter several LORDS.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful
parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: ³ thy frank election make;

¹ *Lustigh* is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful.

² A sprightly dance.

³ They were his wards as well as his subjects.



Wheatley del.

Starling sc.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

King, Helena, Lords &c.

Act II. Scene III

SCENE .III.

THAT ENDS WELL.

45

Thou hast power to choose, and ~~thou none to for-~~

*King, Helena, Lords &c.
Act II. Scene III*

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one!

La. I'd give bay Curtal,¹ and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restored the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already.
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me;—
'We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

¹ A docked horse.

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.¹

La. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace² for my life.

Hel. The honor, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant ! and so I take my leave.

La. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would send
them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to a Lord.*] that I your hand
should take ;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

La. These boys are boys of ice ; they'll none
have her : sure, they are bastards to the English ;
the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too
good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

La. There's one grape yet : I am sure, thy father

¹ I have no more to say to you.

² The lowest chance of the dice.

drank wine. But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen : I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you ; [to *Bertram*.]
but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her : she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege ? I shall beseech your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, *Bertram*,
What she has done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord ;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has raised me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising ? I know her well ;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'Tis only title¹ thou disdain'st in her, the
which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off

¹ i. e. the want of title.

In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter; thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions¹ swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:²
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to Nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor's born,
And is not like the sire. Honors thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest; virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honor and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
strive to choose.

¹ Titles.

² 'Good is good independent of any worldly distinction, and so is vileness vile.'—Malone.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I am glad;

Let the rest go.

King. My honor's at the stake; which to defeat, I must produce my power. Here, take her hand, Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift; That dost in vile misprision¹ shackle up My love and her desert; that canst not dream, We, poizing us in her defective scale, Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know, It is in us to plant thine honor where We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt: Obey our will, which travails in thy good: Believe not thy disdain, but presently Do thine own fortunes that obedient right, Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims; Or I will throw thee from my care for ever, Into the staggers, and the careless lapse Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate, Loosing upon thee in the name of justice, Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit My fancy to your eyes. When I consider, What great creation, and what dole of honor, Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now The praised of the king; who, so ennobled, Is, as 'twere, born so.

- Undervaluing.

SHAK.

V.

D

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise
A counterpoize ; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favor of the king,
Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,¹
And be perform'd to-night ; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, Ber. Hel. Lords, and Attendants.*]

La. Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

La. Your lord and master did well to make his
recantation.

Par. Recantation ?—My lord ? my master ?

La. Ay ; is it not a language, I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one ; and not to be understood
without bloody succeeding. My master ?

La. Are you companion to the count Rousillon ?

Par. To any count ; to all counts ; to what is
man.

La. To what is count's man ; count's master is
of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir ; let it satisfy you, you
are too old.

¹ 'The ceremonial part of which shall follow close on the
troth now briefly plighted between the parties.'—Malone.

La. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

La. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,¹ to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;² and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,——

La. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

La. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

La. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

La. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to

¹ While I sat twice with thee at dinner.

² i. e. contradicting, calling to account.

pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,¹ he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

La. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

La. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

La. Who? God?

¹ At a need.

Par. Ay, sir.

La. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe¹ themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

La. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honorable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.]*

Enter BEETRAM.

Par. Good, very good: it is so then.—Good, very good: let it be concealed awhile.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have
sworn,
I will not bed her.

¹ Exercise.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me :—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot : to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother : what the
import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars,
my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honor in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy¹ here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades:
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife,
To the dark house,² and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow.
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

¹ A cant term for a wife.

² The house made gloomy by discontent.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—'Tis hard:

A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter HELENA and CLOWN.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clown. She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well; but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clown. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clown. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You have my prayers to lead them on; and

to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clown. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clown. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clown. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well-fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with
sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need.¹

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his farther pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another room in the same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

La. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

La. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

La. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.²

¹ A specious appearance of necessity.

² The bunting nearly resembles the sky-lark, but has little or no song.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowlege, and accordingly valiant.

La. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [to *Ber.*

La. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

La. O, I know him well. Ay, sir: he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*aside to Parolles.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,— And, ere I do begin,—

La. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.— God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

La. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;¹ and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

La. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me:—There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will to deserve² at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave

¹ In allusion to a foolery then in practice at city entertainments, where the jester or zany jumped into a large deep custard, set for the purpose.

² Than you have deserved or are willing to deserve in future.

For present parting ; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber.

I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not color with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular : prepared I was not
For such a business ; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home ;
And rather muse,¹ than ask, why I entreat you :
For my respects are better than they seem ;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[giving a letter.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you ; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel.

Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel.

And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber.

Let that go :

My haste is very great. Farewell : hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

¹ Wonder.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,¹
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing,
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—faith,
yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—
Farewell. *[Exit Helena.]*

Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!

[Exeunt.]

¹ Possess.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Florence. A room in the Duke's palace.

Florish. Enter DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended; TWO FRENCH LORDS, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,¹
But like a common and an outward² man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail

¹ Tell.

² One unacquainted with state secrets.

As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,¹

That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be ;

And all the honors, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;
When better fall, for your avails they fell :

To-morrow to the field. [*Florish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clown. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clown. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ; mend the ruff,² and sing ; ask questions, and sing ; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

¹ Our young fellows.

² The folding at the top of the boot.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. *[opening a letter.*

Clown. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court. The brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clown. Ev'n that you have there. *[Exit.*

Count. *[reads.]* 'I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come: if there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

'Your unfortunate son,

'BEETRAM.'

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favors of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising¹ of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

¹ Undervaluing.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clown. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clown. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter HELENA and TWO GENTLEMEN.

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen:—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me¹ unto't.—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence;

¹ Affect me suddenly and deeply, as my sex are usually affected.

We met him thitherward ; from thence we came ;
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam ; here's my passport.

[*reads*] ' When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband : but in such a *then* I write a *never*.'

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 Gen.

Ay, madam ;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer :
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,¹
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son ;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence
is he ?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier ?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose : and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience claims.

Count.

Return you thither ?

¹ If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself.

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*reads.*] 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, Which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife! There's nothing here, that is too good for him, But only she; and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that, too much, Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen. I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him, that his sword can never win. The honor that he loses: more I'll entreat you Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam,

In that, and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.¹
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France.'

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin² lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries, which nature owes,³
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rou-
sillon,

¹ No otherwise than as I return the same offices of civility.

² Ravenous.

³ Owns.

Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all : I will be gone :
My being here it is, that holds thee hence :
Shall I stay here to do 't ? no, no ; although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all : I will be gone ;
That pitiful rumor may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night ! end, day !
For, with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Florence. Before the Duke's palace.

*Florish. Enter DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM,
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and
we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth ;
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file.
Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. 'I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone :
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son, may hie :
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,

His name with zealous fervor sanctify :
His taken labors bid him me forgive ;

I, his despiteful Juno,¹ sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for Death and me ;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.'

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest
words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice² so much,
As letting her pass so : had I spoke with her,

¹ In allusion to the labors of Hercules.

² Discretion.

I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew.

Pardon me, madam :

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count.

What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger :—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love : which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. Provide this messenger.
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak :
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Without the walls of Florence.

A tucket¹ afar off. Enter an old WIDOW of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

Wi. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honorable service.

Wi. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labor; they are gone a contrary way. Hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honor of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wi. I have told my neighbor, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions² for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:³ many a

¹ A flourish of instruments.

² Temptations.

³ Not what their names express.

maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you farther; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no farther danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wi. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another. I'll question her.

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wi. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wi. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!

[a march afar off.]

They come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;

The rather, for,¹ I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

¹ Because.

Wi. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wi. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wi. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon. Know you such a
one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of
him :

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for¹ the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.²

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

¹ Because.

² Questioned.

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wi. A right good creature : wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might do
her

A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean ?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wi. He does, indeed ;
And brokes¹ with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid :
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter, with drum and colors, a party of the Florentine
army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wi. So, now they come :—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ;
That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;
I would, he loved his wife : if he were honest,
He were much goodlier.—Is 't not a handsome gen-
tleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

¹ Deals with panders.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest. Yond's that
same knave,
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he
melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look,
he has spied us.

Wi. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Wi. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you farther,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, and the TWO FRENCH LORDS.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,¹ hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowlege, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom, I am

¹ A paltry, cowardly fellow.

sure; he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer¹ of the adversaries, when we bring him to our tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,² your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humor of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't; let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command! to charge

¹ Camp.

² If you do not cashier him from your favor.

in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers !

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service : it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success : some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might ; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered : but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.¹

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur ; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on : I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what farther becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening ; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in

¹ i. e. die in the attempt.

my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear farther from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership,¹ will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him:² you shall

¹ To all that soldiership can effect.

² To emboss a deer is to enclose him in a wood.

see his fall to-night ; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord*. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.¹ He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu : when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord*. I must go look my twigs : he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord*. As't please your lordship : I'll leave you. [*Exit*.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show
you

The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord*. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault : I spoke with her but
once,

And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,²
Tokens and letters which she did re-send ;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature :
Will you go see her ?

2 *Lord*. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt*.

¹ Before we strip him naked.

² Whose scent we follow : a proverbial expression.

SCENE VII.

Florence. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter HELENA and WIDOW.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you farther,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.¹

Wi. Though my estate be fallen, I was well
born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you,
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wi. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your
daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

¹ i. e. by discovering myself to the count.

Resolves to carry her : let her, in fine, consent,
As we 'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important ¹ blood will naught deny
That she 'll demand. A ring the county ² wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it : this ring he holds
In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wi. Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent : after this,
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wi. I have yielded :

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists,

¹ Importunate.

² Count.

As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact :
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Without the Florentine camp.

Enter FIRST LORD, with FIVE or SIX SOLDIERS in ambush.

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will ; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter ; for we must not seem to understand him ; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sol.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not thy voice ?

1 *Sol.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again ?

1 *Sol.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers

i' the adversary's entertainment.¹ Now he hath a smack of all neighboring languages ; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another ; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose : chough's² language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho ! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock : within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me ; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. *[aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum ; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit : yet slight ones will not carry

¹ Foreign troops in the enemy's pay.

² The chough is a bird resembling a jackdaw.

it: they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? ¹ Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mute, ² if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord*. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*aside*.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord*. We cannot afford you so. [*aside*.

Par. Or the baring ³ of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord*. 'Twould not do. [*aside*.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord*. Hardly serve. [*aside*.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel——

1 *Lord*. How deep? [*aside*.

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord*. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*aside*.

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear, I recovered it.

1 *Lord*. You shall hear one anon. [*aside*.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*alarum within*.

¹ The proof.

² i. e. a Turkish mute.

³ Shaving.

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes. *[they seize him and blindfold him.]*

1 Sol. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language :
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me :
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sol. *Boskos vauvado :—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.—
*Kerelybonto :—*Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

1 Sol. O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulce.

1 Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.*

1 Sol. The general is content to spare thee yet ;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee : haply, thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes ; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 Sol. But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sol. *Acordo linta.—*

Come on ; thou art granted space.

[Exit, with Parolles guarded.]

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,

Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sol.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves ;—
Inform 'em that.

2 *Sol.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Florence. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord ; Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess ;
And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that !

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows : ¹
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn ?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the
truth ;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness.² Then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill ? This has no holding ;
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him : therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd ;

¹ Never to cohabit with Helena.

² 'We never swear by what is not holy ; but swear by, or
take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity.'—Heath.

At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it ;
Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such a scene,
That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no
power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honor 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honor 's such a ring :
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honor on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
Mine house, mine honor, yea, my life be thine ;
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my cham-
ber window ;
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know
them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing
thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both Heaven
and me!

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,¹
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

¹ Deceitful.

SCENE III.

The Florentine camp.

Enter TWO FRENCH LORDS, and TWO or THREE SOLDIERS.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honor: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors: and as, in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred

ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.¹

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable² in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace. I would gladly have him see his company³ anatomised; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? Will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking with

¹ Betrays his own secrets in his own talk.

² Damnably.

³ Companion.

most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord*. How is this justified?

1 *Lord*. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord*. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord*. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord*. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord*. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valor hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a SERVANT.

How now? where's your master?

Ser. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next

morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module:¹ he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave!

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in

¹ Model, pattern.

usurping his spurs¹ so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as, I believe, you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter SOLDIERS, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

1 *Lord*. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa*.

1 *Sol*. He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sol*. *Bosko chimurcho*.

2 *Lord*. *Boblibindo chicurmurco*.

1 *Sol*. You are a merciful general. Our general

¹ In allusion to the degradation of a knight, by hacking off his spurs.

bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sol. 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 Sol. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theoric¹ of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape² of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sol. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

¹ Theory.

SHAK.

² The point of the scabbard.

V.

G

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sol. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sol. 'Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,¹ lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition,² and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sol. Well, that's set down. 'You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valor, honesty, and expertness in

¹ Cassock, in the time of Shakspeare, signified a horseman's loose coat.

² My disposition and character.

wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

1 Sol. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool¹ with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 Sol. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowlege, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sol. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sol. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is

¹ An idiot under the care of the sheriff.

there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sol.* Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sol.* 'Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,'—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sol.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favor.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 *Sol.* 'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it:

After he scores, he never pays the score.

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:¹

He ne'er pays after debts; take it before;

¹ 'A match well made is half won: make your match therefore, but make it well.'—M. Mason.

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this :—
Men are to mell with ; boys are not to kiss :
For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

‘Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

‘PAROLLES.’

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with
this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the ma-
nifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat,
and now he 's a cat to me.

1 Sol. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we
shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case : not that I am
afraid to die ; but that, my offences being many, I
would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me
live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where,
so I may live.

1 Sol. We 'll see what may be done, so you con-
fess freely ; therefore, once more to this captain
Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with
the duke, and to his valor. What is his honesty ?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister ;¹
for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus.² He
professes not keeping of oaths ; in breaking them,
he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with

¹ He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place,
however holy.

² The centaur killed by Hercules.

such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord*. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me! he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sol*. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians:—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honor to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord*. He hath out-villaned villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sol*. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*¹ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

¹ The fourth part of the smaller French crown, about eight-pence of our money.

1 *Sol.* What's his brother, the other captain Du-main?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sol.* What's he?

Par. Ev'n a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sol.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sol.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition¹ of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*aside.*]

1 *Sol.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

¹ To deceive the opinion.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 Sol. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[unmuffling him.]*

So, look about you. Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt Bertram, Lords, &c.]

1 Sol. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 Sol. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. *[Exit.]*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! }
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Florence. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wi.

Gentle madam,

You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel.

Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labor
To recompense your love: doubt not, but Heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
 As it hath fated her to be my motive ¹
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy ² trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
 With what it loathes, for that which is away:
 But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty ³
 Go with your impositions, ⁴ I am yours
 Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
 But with the word, ⁵ the time will bring on summer,
 When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away:
 Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us.
All's well that ends well: still the fine's ⁶ the
 crown:

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Mover.

² Lascivious.

³ Death accompanied by honesty.

⁴ Commands.

⁵ Presently.

⁶ End.

SCENE V.

Rousillon. A room in the Countess's palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.

La. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipped-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron¹ would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

La. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clown. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.²

La. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clown. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

¹ In allusion to the fashion of using yellow starch for the bands and ruffs.

² Rue.

La. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

Clown. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

La. Your distinction?

Clown. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

La. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clown. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

La. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clown. At your service.

La. No, no, no.

Clown. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

La. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clown. Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

La. What prince is that?

Clown. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

La. Hold thee; there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest¹ thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

Clown. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of

¹ Tempt.

the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

La. Go thy ways; I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. *[Exit.*

La. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.¹

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,² but runs where he will.

La. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter, which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath

¹ Mischievously unhappy, waggish.

² Prescribed limits.

promised me to do it ; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord ; and I wish it happily effected.

La. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty : he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

La. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honorable privilege.

La. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clown. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows ; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet : his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

La. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor : so, belike, is that.

Clown. But it is your carbonadoed face.¹

La. Let us go see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clown. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Marseilles. A street.

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But, since you have made the days and nights as
one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;——

Enter a gentle Astringer.²

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

¹ Scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron.

² A gentleman falconer.

Gen. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gen. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness ;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gen. What's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gen. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir ?

Gen. Not, indeed :
He hence removed last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wi. Lord, how we lose our pains !

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet ;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Gen. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed

Our means will make us means.

Gen. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—

Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rousillon. *The inner court of the Countess's palace.*

Enter CLOWN and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clown. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.¹

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clown. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee farther.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

¹ Stand to the leeward of me.

Clown. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away! A paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit Clown.]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

La. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu*¹ for you. Let the justices make you and Fortune friends: I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honor, to hear me one single word.

La. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't: save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

¹ Worth about eight-pence of our money.

La. You beg more than one word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand.—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

La. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

La. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me, at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire farther after me: I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to; follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in the Countess's palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem¹ Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.²

¹ Reckoning or estimate.

² Completely, in its full extent.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege :
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth ;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honor'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all ;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

La. This I must say,——
But first I beg my pardon :—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.——Well, call him
hither :——

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.¹—Let him not ask our pardon ;
The nature of his great offence is dead ;
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it : let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

¹ Recollection.

Gen. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gen.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

La. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

La. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth:
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,¹
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quickest decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first,
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

¹ Faults repented of to the utmost.

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favor ;
Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stolen ;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men praised, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused :
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great count : but love, that comes too
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone : our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
Heaven, bless ;

Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, cease !

La. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name

Must be digested ; give a favor from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her leave at court,¹
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave
her

Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

La. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord ; she never saw
it :

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,

¹ The last time that I saw her, when she was leaving the court.

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingaged: ¹ but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she ceased,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King.

Plutus himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,²
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,³
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber.

She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honor;

And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman;—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,

¹ In the sense of unengaged.

² The philosopher's stone.

³ That you have a proper consciousness of your own actions.

And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[guards seize Bertram.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him ;—
We 'll sift this matter farther.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit Bertram guarded.*]

Enter GENTLEMAN.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gen. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not.
Here 's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,¹ come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending : her business looks in her
With an important visage ; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*reads.*] ' Upon his many protestations to
marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it,

¹ Journeys or post-stages.

he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower : his vows are forfeited to me, and my honor's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave ; and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king ; in you it best lies ; otherwise a seducer florishes, and a poor maid is undone.

‘ DIANA CAPULET.’

La. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this :¹ I'll none of him.

King. The Heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors :—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gen. and some Attendants.*]

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers !

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that ?

Re-enter GENTLEMAN with WIDOW and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,

¹ ‘ I will sell this fellow in a fair, publicly entering in the toll-book the particulars of the sale.’—Malone.

Derived from the ancient Capulet :
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wi. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor
Both suffer under this complaint we bring ;
And both shall cease,¹ without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count : do you know these
women ?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me farther ?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife ?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine ;
You give away myself, which is known mine ;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me ;
Either both, or none.

La. Your reputation [*to Bertram.*] comes too
short for my daughter ; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond² and desperate crea-
ture,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your
highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

¹ Decease, die.

² Foolish.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your honor,
Than in my thought it lies !

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her ?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord ;
And was a common gamester¹ to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord : if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity²
Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it :
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed³ and worn. This is his wife :
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument : his name's Parolles.

¹ Gamester, when applied to a female, signified a prostitute.

² Value.

³ Owned.

La. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted¹ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;²
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's³ course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,⁴
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your ring, I will return it home;
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

¹ Noted.

² Debauched.

³ Love's.

⁴ Her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance.

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly: every feather starts you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honorable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—
What an equivocal companion¹ is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

La. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine² in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

¹ Fellow.

² Too artful.

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

La. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she
goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first
wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now.
'To prison with her; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.¹

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this
while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life:
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[pointing to *Lafew*.]

¹ Common woman.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir : *[Exit Widow.]*

The jeweller, that owes¹ the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me : but for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He knows himself, my bed he hath defiled ;
And at that time he got his wife with child.
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick ;
So there's my riddle ;—one, that's dead, is quick :
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter WIDOW, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist²
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is't real, that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord :
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see ;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both : O, pardon !

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,

¹ Owns.

² Enchanter.

And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:—
'When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child,' &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

La. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.
—Good Tom Drum, [*to Parolles.*] lend me a hand-
kerchief. So, I thank thee: wait on me home;
I'll make sport with thee. Let thy courtesies
alone; they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[*to Diana.*

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express.
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*florish.*



Starting at 10.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Long, Heald, Horton & Co.

107 N. 3rd St.

Starting at 10.

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts :¹
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Hear us without interruption, and take our parts; i. e. support and defend us.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Nothing appears to invalidate the conclusion of Malone that this was one of Shakspeare's earlier plays, although Warburton and Farmer have disputed its authenticity. It abounds with the doggerel measure and tedious play on words, so observable in The Comedy of Errors, and Love's Labor's Lost, which our author took occasion to condemn in one of his subsequent comedies. The year 1596 is the probable date of its production, since in 1594, an old play, on which the present drama is supposed to be founded, was entered at Stationers' Hall, intitled Taming of a Shrew, which is attributed to the pen of George Peele or Robert Green. The plots of these two pieces are found to be essentially the same.

The story of Lucentio, and his artifice to obtain the hand of Bianca, is formed on a comedy of George Gascoigne, from the Italian of Ariosto, called Supposes, which was performed by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn in 1566: and the Induction is borrowed from Goulart's *Histoires Admirables de nôtre Temps*, translated from the Latin of Heuterus, who relates a similar delusion, which was practised on the credulity of a poor artisan at Brussels by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy.

'Of this play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'the two plots are

so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents. The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently sprightly and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca, the arrival of the real father perhaps produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.'

A R G U M E N T.

A nobleman, returning from the chase, finds an ignorant tinker, named Sly, lying on the bench of an ale-house, dead-drunk, and causes him to be conveyed home, laid on one of his richest beds, and arrayed in the most costly apparel. When the drunkard awakes, he is surrounded by attendants, who succeed in persuading him that he is a nobleman, who for many years has been laboring under mental delusion. The conviction of Sly that he is 'a lord indeed' is succeeded by the introduction of a company of players, who entertain him with the representation of a comedy, of which the following is a brief outline :—A citizen of Padua, named Baptista, the father of Katharine and Bianca, refuses to listen to the numerous admirers of the latter till after the marriage of her elder sister, whose violence of temper effectually deters all suitors ; and the lovers of Bianca are compelled to resort to the expedient of procuring a husband for Katharine in the person of Petruchio. By a rough and singular method of courtship the shrew is won, and at length tamed by a perseverance in the same course of treatment. In the mean time, Lucentio, a young gentleman of Pisa, introduces himself to Bianca in the disguise of a classical tutor, and succeeds in obtaining her hand by the intervention of his servant Tranio, who assumes the name and apparel of his master in order to forward his designs. The presence of Lucentio's father becomes necessary, and Tranio devises the scheme of engaging a schoolmaster to represent him. At this critical juncture the real father unexpectedly arrives, and encounters his son's servant in his master's clothes. Tranio impudently disclaims all knowledge of his master's father, who is about to be committed to jail as an impostor, when his son enters with his bride, and a reconciliation is speedily effected.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

SCENE I.—
 A room in the palace of the Duke of Ferrara.
 Enter Duke of Ferrara, Duke of Mantua, Duke of Urbino, Duke of Modena, Duke of Parma, Duke of Tuscany, Duke of Savoy, Duke of Lorraine, Duke of Burgundy, Duke of Brabant, Duke of Luxembourg, Duke of Flanders, Duke of Normandy, Duke of Brittany, Duke of Guienne, Duke of Aquitaine, Duke of Gascony, Duke of Provence, Duke of Dauphine, Duke of Anjou, Duke of Arles, Duke of Burgundy, Duke of Brabant, Duke of Luxembourg, Duke of Flanders, Duke of Normandy, Duke of Brittany, Duke of Guienne, Duke of Aquitaine, Duke of Gascony, Duke of Provence, Duke of Dauphine, Duke of Anjou, Duke of Arles.

SCENE II.—
 A room in the palace of the Duke of Ferrara.
 Enter Duke of Ferrara, Duke of Mantua, Duke of Urbino, Duke of Modena, Duke of Parma, Duke of Tuscany, Duke of Savoy, Duke of Lorraine, Duke of Burgundy, Duke of Brabant, Duke of Luxembourg, Duke of Flanders, Duke of Normandy, Duke of Brittany, Duke of Guienne, Duke of Aquitaine, Duke of Gascony, Duke of Provence, Duke of Dauphine, Duke of Anjou, Duke of Arles.
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SCENE V.—
 A room in the palace of the Duke of Ferrara.
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SCENE VII.—
 A room in the palace of the Duke of Ferrara.
 Enter Duke of Ferrara, Duke of Mantua, Duke of Urbino, Duke of Modena, Duke of Parma, Duke of Tuscany, Duke of Savoy, Duke of Lorraine, Duke of Burgundy, Duke of Brabant, Duke of Luxembourg, Duke of Flanders, Duke of Normandy, Duke of Brittany, Duke of Guienne, Duke of Aquitaine, Duke of Gascony, Duke of Provence, Duke of Dauphine, Duke of Anjou, Duke of Arles.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter HOSTESS and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese¹ you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: look in the chronicles: we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris*;² let the world slide. *Sessa*!³

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?⁴

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by S. Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.⁵

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough.⁶ [*Exit.*

¹ Beat or knock.

² Few words.

³ Be quiet.

⁴ Broke.

⁵ This rhodomontade, and the scraps of Spanish, are taken from an old play, called Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy.

⁶ A peace officer, resembling in authority a headborough or constable.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.]

Wind horns. Enter a LORD from hunting, with HUNTSMEN and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach¹ Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd,²
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunts.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord:

He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunts.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

¹ Bitch.

² i. e. her knees are swelled with hard running.

2 *Hunts.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not
warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hunts.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot
choose.

2 *Hunts.* It would seem strange unto him when
he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—‘What is it your honor will command?’
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—‘ Will ’t please your lordship cool your
hands ? ’

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic ;
And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreamt,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,¹ gentle sirs :
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.²

1 *Hunts*. My lord, I warrant you, we ’ll play our
part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him ;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet ’tis that sounds :—
[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter SERVANT.

How now ? who is it ?

Ser. An it please your honor,

¹ Naturally.

² Moderation,

Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter PLAYERS.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—**This fellow I remember,**

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;—

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honor means.

Lord. 'Tis very true ;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time ;

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night :

But I am doubtful of your modesties ;

Lest, over-eying of his odd behavior,

(For yet his honor never heard a play)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,¹
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Exeunt Servant and Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[to a Servant.]

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him Madam ; do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honorable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;
And say,—‘ What is 't your honor will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love ? ’
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift ;

¹ Pantry.

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst.
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

SLY is discovered in a rich night gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter LORD, dressed like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Ser.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Ser.* Will't please your honor taste of these conserves?

3 *Ser.* What raiment will your honor wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honor,

SHAK.

V.

K

nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if



Shakespeare 4-1

Shakespeare 4-1

TAMING OF THE SHREW

*By John G. Thompson
John G. Thompson*

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*music*.
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Ser.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are
as swift

As breathed stags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Ser.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea¹ all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surprised,

¹ Venus.

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Ser.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood,

Scratching her legs; that one shall swear she bleeds :

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Ser.* And, till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?
I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
I smell sweet savors, and I feel soft things :—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Ser.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands ?

[*Servants present a ewer, bason, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restored !
O, that once more you knew but what you are !
These fifteen years you have been in a dream ;
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay,¹ a goodly nap:

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Ser.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say, you would present her at the leet,²
Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd
quarts:

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Ser.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the PAGE, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer
enough.

Where is my wife?

¹ Faith.

² Court-leet.

Page. Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and slept

Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you, To pardon me yet for a night or two; Or, if not so, until the sun be set: For your physicians have expressly charged, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed. I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams

again : I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet ;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy ;
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will ; let them play it. Is not a commonty¹ a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick ?

Page. No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip : we shall ne'er be younger.
[*they sit down.*]

¹ For comedy.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

*Padua. A public place.**Enter* LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,—
The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approved in all ;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious¹ studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve² all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds ;
And, therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.

¹ Ingenuous.² Fulfil.

Tell me thy mind : for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come ; as he that leaves
A shallow plash,¹ to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*Tra. Mi perdonate,*² gentle master mine :
I am in all affected as yourself ;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no Stoics, nor no stocks, I pray ;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,³
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured :
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk :
Music and poesy use, to quicken you :
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en ;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc. Gramercies,*⁴ Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness ;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile : what company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

¹ A plash is a small lake of water.

² Pardon me. ³ Harsh rules.

⁴ A contraction for Grant me mercy.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and
HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for
me:—

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*to Bap.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no
mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis,¹ it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
toward:

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

¹ Think.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maids' mild behavior and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your
fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat!¹ 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva
speak. [*aside.*]

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye: I am resolved:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit Bianca.*]
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

¹ Pet.

Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or, signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning¹ men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too. May I
not?

What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts²
are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's
dough³ on both sides. Farewell. Yet for the love
I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light
on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights,
I will wish⁴ him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
brooked parle, know now, upon advice,⁵ it toucheth
us both,—that we may yet again have access to our
fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—
to labor and effect one thing 'specially.

¹ Knowing, learned.

² Endowments.

³ A proverbial expression in common use when any project
miscarried.

⁴ Recommend.

⁵ Consideration.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition;—to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh.—Sweet Bianca! —Happy man be his dole!¹ He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and, would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gre. and Hor.*]

¹ i. e. may his fortune be that of a happy man: a proverbial expression.

Tra. [*advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now:
Affection is not rated¹ from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, naught remains but so;—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents:

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly² on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face;
Such as the daughter of Agenor³ had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how
her sister

¹ Driven out by chiding. ² Longingly. ³ Europa.

Began to scold ; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air :
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
trance.

I pray, awake, sir ; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands :

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home :
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he !
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid :
That 's your device.

Luc. It is : may it be done ?

Tra. Not possible ; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ;
Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. *Basta*; ¹ content thee; for I have it full.²
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master: then it follows thus:—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,³ and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my color'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*they exchange habits.*]
In brief then, sir, sith ⁴ it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid,
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you
been?

¹ 'Tis enough.

² I have already planned the whole stratagem.

³ Show, appearance.

⁴ Since.

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes;
Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's—I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—

SHAK.

V.

L

To make one among these wooers : if thou ask me
why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 SER. *My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the
play.*

SLY. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,
surely ; comes there any more of it ?*

PAGE. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

SLY. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam
lady : would't were done !*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for awhile I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there
any man has rebused your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I,
sir, that I should knock you here, sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's
pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome : I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?

Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it ;
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*he wrings Grumio by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you : sirrah ! villain !

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now ? what 's the matter ?—My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio !—How do you all at Verona ?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?

Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise : we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges¹ in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so ; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty,—a pip out ?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

¹ Alleges. .

Pet. A senseless villain !—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate ?—O heavens !—
Spake you not these words plain,—‘ Sirrah, knock
me here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me
soundly ? ’

And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio’s pledge :
Why, this a heavy chance ’twixt him and you ;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through
the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,¹
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :—
Antonio, my father, is deceased ;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to
thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor’d wife ?

¹ Few words.

Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich :—but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice : and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,¹
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me : were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas :
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is. Why, give him gold enough, and
marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby,² or an old
trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have
as many diseases as two and fifty horses ; why,
nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous ;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :

¹ In allusion to the story of a Florentine in a popular book
of that period, called *A Thousand Notable Things*.

² A small image on the tag of a lace.

Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.¹ I'll tell you what, sir:—an she stand² him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with

¹ Abusive language.

² Withstand.

it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio; I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehearsed)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:
Therefore this order¹ hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me
grace;
And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen² in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with
books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the

¹ These measures.

² Versed.

old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you. Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*they retire.*]

Gre. O, very well: I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;¹
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess.—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfumed;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assured)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and, perhaps, with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior
Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you,

¹ At all events.

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca :
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man ; for learning, and behavior,
Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall
prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*aside.*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love :
Listen to me ; and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold :
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange :

But, if you have a stomach, to 't, o' God's name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I 'll hang her.

[*aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.¹

Gru. For he fears none. [*aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark !

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promised, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

¹ Fright boys with bugbears.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*aside.*]

Enter TRANIO *bravely appareled*, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is 't
[*aside to Tranio.*] he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir: you mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you
to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's
away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of; yea,
or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No, if, without more words, you will get
you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know;——
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right;—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter¹ had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have;
And so she shall: Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a
jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me: let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:

¹ Helen.

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access ;—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack ; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive¹ this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gr. Bion. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let's
be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so ;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Spend.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The same. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,¹—
Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell,
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect² him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.

¹ Trifling ornaments.

² Love.

I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps.—

Go, ply thy needle: meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding¹ of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

[*flies after Bian.*]

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit Bian.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure; she must have a husband:

I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Kath.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

But who comes here?

¹ Worthless girl.

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbor Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter,

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard:
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[presenting Hortensio.]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare!¹ you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—

Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*presenting Lucentio.*] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio; wel-

¹ A proverbial exclamation then in use.

come, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to Tranio.*] methinks, you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir; the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister. This liberty is all that I request:— That, upon knowlege of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favor as the rest: And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa, by report: I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.— Take you [*to Hor.*] the lute, and you [*to Luc.*] the set of books: You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within!

Enter Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To my daughters; and tell them both, These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Hor. Luc. and Bion.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner : you are passing welcome ;
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well ; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased :
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands ;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy
 speed !
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,¹
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she: 'I'll fume with them:'

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for awhile,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,

¹ A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string.

And twangling Jack;¹ with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench :
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.

O, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited :

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you, do ; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt Bap. Gre. Tra. and Hor.*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail ; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week :
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

¹ Paltry musician.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing :

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate, of my consolation ;—

Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)

Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved ! in good time : let him that moved you hither,

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,

You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate ! I will not burden thee ;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[striking him.]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine ; you crow too like a craven.¹

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry : let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen ;

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous ;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

¹ A degenerate cock.

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp ?
O slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,
Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly
speech ?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
bed :

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms :—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well)
Thou must be married to no man but me :
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate ;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father ; never make denial :
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruchio ! how speed you with
My daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in
your dumps ?

Kath. Call you me daughter ? now, I promise
you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus ; yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;
If she be curst, it is for policy :
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn :
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio ! she says, she'll see thee
hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night, our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!—

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied¹ so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world² to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock³ wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands:

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gro. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu:

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:—

¹ Vie and revie were terms at primero, a fashionable game in our author's time.

² It is wonderful.

³ Cowardly.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;
And kiss me, Kate ; we will be married o' Sunday.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina, severally.]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's
part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you :
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;
Now is the day we long have looked for :
I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can
guess.

Gre. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Greybeard ! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back ; 'tis age that norisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that florisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I'll compound
this strife :

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,
'That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;

Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands :
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,¹
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping ; then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls.
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in.—Sir, list to me.

I am my father's heir, and only son.
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land !
My land amounts not to so much in all :
That she shall have ; besides an argosy,²

¹ Counterpanes.

² A large merchant ship.

That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—

What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no
~~less~~

Than three great argosies; ~~besides two galliasses~~,¹
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
world,

By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me.
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as
old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved:—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

¹ A gallias was a low-built vessel of burden, worked with sails and oars.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbor.—Now I fear thee not.

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Erit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten:¹
'Tis in my head to do my master good.
I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Erit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A room in Baptista's house.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;

¹ The highest card.

And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar¹ in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself:
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles:
His lecture will be done, ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
[*to Bianca.*—*Hortensio retires.*]

Luc. That will be never:—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I
am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,
—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—

¹ No school-boy liable to corporal correction.

Hic steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,
—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my
port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old
pantaloon.¹

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*returning.*

Bian. Let's hear :—

[*Hortensio plays.*

O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it :—*Hac
ibat Simois*, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I
trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he
hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, de-
spair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc.

All but the bass.

Hor. The bass is right ; 'tis the base knave that
jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :

Pedascule,² I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for, sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise
you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt.

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you :—

¹ The old cully in Italian farces.

² Pedant.

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*to Lucentio.*] and give
me leave awhile :

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,
And watch withal ; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*aside.*]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art ;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*reads.*] ‘ Gamut I am, the ground of all
accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio’s passion ;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I ;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.’

Call you this—gamut ? tut ! I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up :
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both : I must be
gone. *[Exeunt Bian. and Ser.]*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to
stay. *[Exit.]*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant.
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,¹
Seise thee, that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. Before Baptista's house.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA,
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, *[to Tranio.]* this is the
'pointed day,
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

¹ Bait, decoy.

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be forced

To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,¹
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior ;
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns ;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—' Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him comè and marry her.'

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too :
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word.
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would, Katharine had never seen him
though !

[Exit, weeping, followed by Bian. and others.]

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to
weep ;

For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

¹ Caprice, inconstancy.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what:—to thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;¹ with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lam-pass,² infected with the fashions,³ full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives,⁴ stark spoiled with the staggers, be-

¹ Without a point to the scabbard.

² A lump of flesh in the roof of a horse's mouth. ³ Farcy.

⁴ A distemper in horses resembling the strangles.

gnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,¹ which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock² on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and 'The humor of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion;—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

¹ Velvet.

² Stocking.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not
many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at
home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you
frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-
day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though in some part enforced to digress;¹
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Pet. Gru. and Bion.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,

¹ To deviate from my promise.

I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills¹ not much ; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised :
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio ;
The narrow-prying father, Minola ;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio ! came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home ?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you ? 'tis a groom, in-
deed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible.

¹ Matters.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and
priest:

'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why? he stamp'd,
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:—'A health,' quoth he; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel,¹

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck;

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo:

¹ A sweet wine. In the time of Shakspeare, it was customary to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony.

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [music.]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
pains :

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer ;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible, you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.—
Make it no wonder : if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
For I must hence : and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horse.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir ; there lies your way :
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green.
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself :—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee ; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do ?—
Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir : now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :—

Obey the bride, you that attend on her ;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourselves :
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret :
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,



Whitney del.

Steeding sc.

TAMING OF THE SHREW

Teruakio Kaburata, Baputa, ka

Act III. Scene II.

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare :
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon ; we're beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench ; they shall not touch thee,
Kate :

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with
laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your
sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly
mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbors and friends, though bride and
bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets¹ at the feast.—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride
it ?

¹ Sweetmeats.

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,
let 's go. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A hall in Petruchio's country-house.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?¹ was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me.—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Cur. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

¹ Bemired, dirty.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Cur. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Cur. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, 'Jack boy! ho boy!'¹ and as much news as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are so full of coney-catching!²—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready,

¹ The commencement of an old song.

² Tricks.

the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Gru. There. *[striking him.]*

Cur. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin. *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress;—

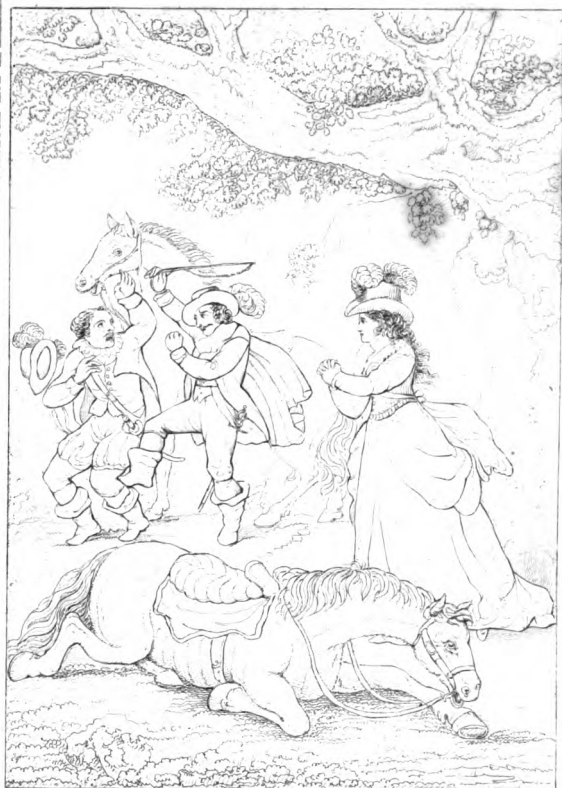
Cur. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—but, hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemooled;¹ how he left her with the horse upon her;

¹ Bemired.



Ibbetson del.

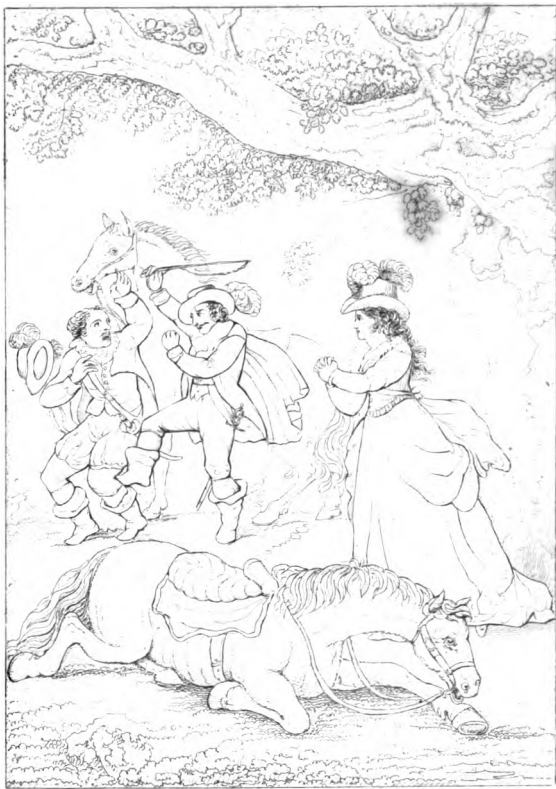
Starling sc.

TAMING OF THE SHREW

Katharina Petruchio & Grumio

Act IV. Scene I

how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through ~~the water~~ him off --



Robinson del.

Starling sc.

TAMING OF THE SHREW

Katharina Petruchio & Grumio

Act IV. Scene I

how he beat me because her horse stumbled ; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore ; how she prayed—that never prayed before ; how I cried ; how the horses ran away ; how her bridle was burst ;¹ how I lost my crupper ;—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest : let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit :² let them courtesy with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho ? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Cur. Who knows not that ?

Gru. Thou, it seems ; that callest for company to countenance her.

¹ Broken.

SHAK.

² Not different one from the other.

V.

O

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several SERVANTS.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phi. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. Ev'n at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,——Cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

All Ser. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?——

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link¹ to color Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

'Where is the life that late I led?' *[sings.]*
Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!²

Re-enter SERVANTS, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! When?

'It was the friar of orders gray, *[sings.]*

As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.

¹ Torch of pitch.

² 'A word coined by the poet to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.'—Malone.

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate!—Some water, here; what, ho!—

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[*a bason is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down: I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—What's this? mutton?

1 Ser.

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

1 Ser.

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dried
away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company.—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt Pet. Kath. and Cur.*]

Nath. [*advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Cur. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor
soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.¹
Another way I have to man my haggard,²
To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate,³ and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not :
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed ;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,⁴
That all is done in reverend care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to show. [*Erit.*

¹ A lure was a thing stuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue.

² To tame my wild hawk.

³ Flutter.

⁴ Pretend.

SCENE II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress
Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[they stand aside.]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me
that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
my heart.

[they retire.]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I
pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant woman-
kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion : ¹
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your intire affection to Bianca ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would, all the world, but he, had quite for-
sworn !
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass ; which hath as long loved
me,
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard :
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,

¹ Despicable fellow.

In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit Hortensio.*—*Lucentio and Bianca advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both for-
sworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a
place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary: but at last I spied
An ancient angel¹ coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

¹ Messenger.

Bion. Master, a mercatantè or a pedant,¹
I know not what; but formal in apparel;
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Enter a PEDANT.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
And then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes
hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)

¹ A merchant or a schoolmaster.

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
'Tis marvel ; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so ;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you :—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa :

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been ;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio ?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him :
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one. *[aside.]*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favor will I do you for his sake ;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged :—
Look, that you take upon you as you should ;
You understand me, sir :—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand ;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance ¹ of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me ?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :

But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—

Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :

And that which spites me more than all these
wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;

As who should say,—if I should sleep or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—

I pr'ythee, go, and get me some repast ;

¹ To make a conveyance or deed.

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat.—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.—

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, *[beats him.]*

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, with a dish of meat; and

HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?¹

¹ Dispirited: a Gallicism.

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.

[sets the dish on a table.]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then, thou lovest it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.¹——
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame!
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.

[aside.]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of
bravery,²
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

¹ Has ended in nothing.

² Finery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter TAILOR.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter HABERDASHER.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy.

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will: I am no child, no babe.

Your betters have endured me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,¹ a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us
see 't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer² in a barber's shop.—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
gown. *[aside.]*

Tui. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it: hence; make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint,³ more pleasing, nor more commend-
able.

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

¹ A coffin was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust
of a pie or custard.

² A fire-pan.

³ Pretty.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,
'Thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!—
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete¹ thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived: the gown is made

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.²

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;³
brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the

¹ Be-measure.

² Turned up many garments with facings.

³ Made many men fine.

gown ; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces ; *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. 'With a small compassed cape ;'¹—

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. 'With a trunk sleeve ;'—

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir ; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say : an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill,² give me thy mete-yard,³ and spare not me.

¹ i. e. a round cape.

² A quibble between the written bill, and the ancient weapon carried by foot soldiers.

³ Measuring-yard.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life. Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

[*aside.*]

Go, take it hence: be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and, ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the
sun. *[Escunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter TRANIO, *and the* PEDANT *dressed like*
Vincenzio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you, that I
call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: but, sir, here comes your
boy;

'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall¹ fellow: hold thee that to
drink.

Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:

Sir, [*to the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of.

I pray you, stand good father to me now;

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua

¹ Brave.

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And,—for the good report I hear of you ;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd ; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd :
For curious ¹ I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.—
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections :
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass ² my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
best,
We be affied ; ³ and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

¹ Scrupulous.

² Assure or convey.

³ Betrothed.

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still ;
And, happily,¹ we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here ;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this ;—that, at so slender warning,
You 're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened :—
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart !

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*]

Bion. Cambio !

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon
you ?

¹ Haply, perhaps.

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral¹ of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralise them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect;—they are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say;

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*going.*]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to saint

¹ Secret purpose.

Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented. She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her : It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name : once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, It shall be moon, or star, or what I list, Or ere I journey to your father's house.— Go on, and fetch our horses back again.— Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far, And be it moon, or sun, or what you please : And if you please to call it a rush candle, Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie : it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun :—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it named, even that it is ;

And so, it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward : thus the bowl
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But, soft ; what company is coming here ?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress. Where away ?—

[*to Vincentio.*]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too ;

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks !

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode ?

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;

Happier the man, whom favorable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope, thou art not
mad.

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father :
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal, make
known

Which way thou travellest ; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,—
That with your strange encounter much amazed me ;
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa ;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father.
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved : she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio ;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake ?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow ; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA,
GREMIO walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello : but they may chance to need thee at home ; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.]

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and
Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door: this is Lucentio's
house;

My father's bears more toward the market-place:
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you
go:

I think, I shall command your welcome here;
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[knocks.

Gre. They're busy within: you were best knock
louder.

Enter PEDANT above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat
down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken
withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound
or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he
shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in
Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous cir-
cumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that
his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door
to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentlemen! [*to Vincen.*] Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp! [*seeing Bion.*

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue! What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*beats Bion.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[Exit from the window.]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. *[they retire.]*

Re-enter PEDANT below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!¹ O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name! I

¹ A hat with a conical crown.

have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! —Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*enter one with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the jail. Father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail?

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio: I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched¹ in this business. I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused!—O monstrous villain!

¹ Overreached.

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and,—yonder he is:
deny him; forswear him; or else we are all un-
done.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[*Bion. Tra. and Ped. run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.¹

Gre. Here's packing,² with a witness, to deceive
us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.—
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to:

¹ Deceived thine eyes.

² Plotting, underhand contrivance.

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*to Luc.*] Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista: we will content you: go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany.

[*Exit.*]

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca: thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt Luc. and Bian.*]

Gre. My cake is dough:¹ but I'll in among the rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.

[*Exit.*]

Petruchio and Katharina advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid! but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now, pray thee, love, stay.

¹ A proverbial expression in common use when any project miscarried.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Lucentio's house.

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and WIDOW; TRARNIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes
agree :

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house :
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down ;
For now, we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*they sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were
true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wi. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense :

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wi. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wi. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended : kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round :——

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wi. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrows by his woe :

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wi. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate !

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer. Ha' to thee, lad.

[*drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? a hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll
sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have
begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bian. Kath. and Wi.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, signior
Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift¹ simile, but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O, ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird,² good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one, it maim'd you two outright.

¹ Witty.

² Gibe, sarcasm.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content.—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match: 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. *[Exit.]*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come?
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too.

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then, she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in
hand.

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O,
vile,

Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katha-
rina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for
me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter;
For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and WIDOW.

See, where she comes, and brings your froward
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble; throw it under foot.

[*Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

Wi. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too.

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wi. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wi. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.

It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved, is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance; commits his body

To painful labor, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
But that our soft conditions,¹ and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours ;
My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown :
But now, I see our lances are but straws ;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs,² for it is no boot ;
And place your hands below your husband's foot :
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

¹ The gentle qualities of our minds. ² Abate your pride.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are to-ward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are forward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.¹

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;²
[*to Lucentio.*]

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine.*]

Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.
[*Exeunt.*]

¹ 'The fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.'—Steevens.

² In allusion to the name Bianca, or white: to 'hit the white' is a phrase borrowed from archery.

WINTER'S TALE.

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF THE

WINTER'S TALE.

The story of this play is taken from Robert Greene's *Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, which was published in 1588. Shakspeare has, however, changed the names of the characters, and added the parts of *Antigonus*, *Paulina*, and *Autolycus* from his own invention.

The *Winter's Tale* was not entered on the Stationers' books, or printed till 1623, while we learn from *Vertue's* manuscripts, that it was acted at court in 1613. *Malone* attributes the composition to the year 1611; but *Lord Orford* assigns to it a much earlier date, and conjectures that it was written during the life-time of *Elizabeth*, and that it was intended as an indirect apology for *Anne Boleyn*; in which light it might be considered as a sequel to *King Henry VIII.*

Much censure has been cast on our author by *Dryden* and *Pope* for his disregard of the classical unities, which are no where so daringly violated as in this production, where we meet with a young woman becoming a bride, who, but a few minutes before had been deposited on the sea-shore, a new-born infant.

Schlegel has observed of this drama, that its title is happily adapted to its subject, being 'one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary

leisure of a long winter evening, which are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, and which, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, invested with the decoration of a poetry lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination.'

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived and strongly represented.'

A R G U M E N T .

Polixenes, king of Bohemia, during a visit to his friend Leontes, king of Sicily, awakens the jealousy of his host, who unjustly suspects him of an intrigue with his wife Hermione, and endeavors to prevail on a courtier, named Camillo, to poison his guest: instead however of complying with his request, Camillo informs the unsuspecting monarch of his danger, and accompanies him in his flight to Bohemia. Leontes now vents his rage on the innocent Hermione, who is debarred from the society of her son, and confined in prison, where she is delivered of a daughter named Perdita, who is considered as spurious, and ordered to be exposed by her inhuman father. Antigonus, to whose custody the infant is committed, reaches the Bohemian territories, and during his progress is strangled by a bear, while the child is found by a poor shepherd, who rears it as his own. In the mean time, the character of Hermione is completely vindicated by the answer of the oracle of Delphi, which informs Leontes that he shall want an heir to his kingdom till the lost infant is found; and in confirmation of its truth, his son suddenly expires immediately after the arrival of the commissioners. The spirits of the queen are unable to sustain this last shock, and the intelligence of her death is soon after conveyed to her repentant husband. At the age of sixteen, Perdita captivates the affections of Florizel, the son of Polixenes, who contrives to escape from Bohemia with his affianced bride, and reaches the coast of Sicily, whither he is pursued by his enraged father: the apparel and jewels, which were found with the infant at the time of its exposure, are now produced by the shepherd, and Perdita is recognised as the daughter of Leontes, and bestowed in marriage on her lover. Paulina, the widow of Antigonus, invites her master and his guests to inspect a statue of Hermione, which excites unbounded admiration as a triumph of art, when the supposed marble becomes animated, and Leontes recovers his amiable wife, who had in retirement awaited the fulfilment of the oracle.

SHAK.

V.

R

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.

MAMILLIUS, his son.

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS,

CLEOMENES, } Sicilian lords.

DION,

Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, a Sicilian gentleman.

An Attendant on the young prince Mamillius.

Officers of a court of judicature.

POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.

FLORIZEL, his son.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian lord.

A MARINER.

JAILER.

AN old SHEPHERD, reputed father of Perdita.

CLOWN, his son.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

TIME, as chorus.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a lady,

TWO other Ladies, } attending the queen.

MOPSA,

DORCAS, } shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Sicilia. An antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowlege: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd,¹ with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;² and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,³ makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

¹ Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.

² Wide waste of country.

³ Affords a cordial to the state.

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A room of state in the palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile ;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence. That may blow
No sneaping¹ winds at home, to make us say,
'This is put forth too truly !'² Besides, I have
stay'd

¹ Nipping.

² I had too good reason for my fears concerning what might happen during my absence from home.

To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and
in that

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the
world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,
sir,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were
strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay ;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*to Polixenes.*] I'll ad-
venture

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him¹ there a month, behind the gest²
Prefix'd for his parting ; yet, good deed,³ Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
oaths,

Should yet say, ' Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go ; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you ?

My prisoner, or my guest ? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

¹ Tarry.

² Gests were the appointed stages during a royal progress.

³ Indeed.

Pol. Your guest then, madam :
To be your prisoner, should import offending ;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your jailer then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were
boys.
You were pretty lordings¹ then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other : what we changed,
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
Heaven

Boldly, ' Not Guilty ;' the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.²

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

¹ A diminutive of lords.

² Setting aside original sin.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us : for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot !
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils : yet, go on ;
The offences we have made you do, we 'll answer ;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet ?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What ? have I twice said well ? when was 't
before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram us with praise, and make
us

As fat as tame things. One good deed, dying
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages. You may ride us,

With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal :

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay ;

What was my first ? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace !
But once before I spoke to the purpose : when ?
Nay, let me have 't ; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love ; then didst thou utter,
' I am yours for ever.'

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice :

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
The other, for some while a friend.

[*giving her hand to Polix.*

Leon. Too hot, too hot : [*aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis*¹ on me :—my heart dances ;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent ; it may, I grant :
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are ; and making practised smiles
As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer ;² O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,

¹ Trembling of the heart.

² The tune played at the death of the deer.

Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock.¹ What, hast smutch'd
thy nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling

[*observing Polix. and Herm.*

Upon his palm?²—How now, you wanton calf?

Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots³
that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-died blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin⁴ eye. Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't
be?

¹ A corruption of *beau coq*, i. e. hearty fellow.

² Still playing with her fingers, as if on a spinnet.

³ A rough head and the budding horns.

⁴ Blue, like the sky.

Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre :
Thou dost make possible things not so held ;
Communicatest with dreams ;—(How can this be ?)—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent,¹
Thou mayst co-join with something ; and thou
dost ;

(And that beyond commission ; and I find it)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord ?

What cheer ? how is 't with you, best brother ?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are you moved, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought, I did recoil
Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,² this gentleman !—Mine honest friend,

¹ Credible.

² A squash is an immature pea-cod.

Will you take eggs for money? ¹

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole! ²—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol.

If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon.

So stands this squire

Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent ³ to my heart.

Her.

If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
found,

Be you beneath the sky.—I am angling now,

¹ Will you be cajoled?

² May his lot in life be a happy one. A proverbial expression.

³ Heir apparent, next claimant.

Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*aside, observing Pol. and Her.*
How she holds up the neb,¹ the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing² husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd
one.³——

[*Exeunt Pol. Her. and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamor
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There
have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in his ab-
sence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbor: nay, there's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is
none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

¹ Mouth.

² Approving.

³ A horned one.

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us

Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go, play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.—
[*Exit Mam.*]

Camillo, this great air will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing,¹

' Sicilia is a so-forth.' 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust² it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be't: good should be pertinent;

¹ To round in the ear, is to tell secretly.

² Taste.

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine ?
For thy conceit is soaking ; will draw in
More than the common blocks.—Not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures ? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,¹
Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think most under-
stand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha ?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress ?——satisfy ?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils ; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom ; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd ; but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon 't.—Thou art not honest ; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward ;
Which hoxes² honesty behind, restraining

¹ Inferiors in rank.

² To hox is to hamstring.

From course required : or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent ; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn,
And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest : these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage : if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt : you have ; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think)

My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse ; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart !
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin .
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty !) horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes
blind

With the pin and web,¹ but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then the world, and all that is in 't, is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes ;

¹ Disorders of the eye.

For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporiser, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.¹

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like his medal,
hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who,—if I
Had servants true about me; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts;—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled;—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash² potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work

¹ Hour-glass.

² Hasty.

Maliciously,¹ like poison : but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.

I have loved thee,——

Leon. Make 't thy question, and go rot !
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine ;
Without ripe moving to 't ? Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ?²

Cam. I must believe you, sir ;
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't ;
Provided, that when he 's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and, with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia

¹ With effects openly hurtful.

² Could any man so start off from propriety ?

And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer :
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all :

Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised
me. *[Exit.]*

Cam. O miserable lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't ; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court : to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks,
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak ?——
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know,
and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman thereto;
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,

In whose success¹ we are gentle ;²—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
lege

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well !
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo ?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honor does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine ;—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you ;
Since I am charged in honor, and by him
That I think honorable : therefore, mark my coun-
sel ;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me
Cry, 'Lost,' and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him³ to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

¹ Succession.

² Gentle is here opposed to simple : well-born.

³ The person appointed.

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,

As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice¹ you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his, that did betray the best!²
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savor, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the greatest infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;

¹ Draw.

² i. e. Judas Iscariot.

And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth ; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand ;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbor mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonor'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T I I.

SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and LADIES.*

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,
Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord :
Shall I be your play-fellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best ; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this ?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray
now

What color are your eye-brows ?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 *Lady.* Hark ye :

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with
us,

If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter her !

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come,
sir, now

I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter :
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on ; sit down.—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites ; you're powerful
at it.

Mam. There was a man,——

Her. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard :—I will tell it
softly ;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS, and others.

Leon. Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo
with him ?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them ;
never
Saw I men scour so on their way : I eyed them,
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure !¹ in my true opinion !—
Alack, for lesser knowlege !—How accursed,
In being so bless'd ! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowlege
Is not infected : but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.²—I have drank, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander.—
There is a plot against my life, my crown :
All's true, that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ;³ yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open ?

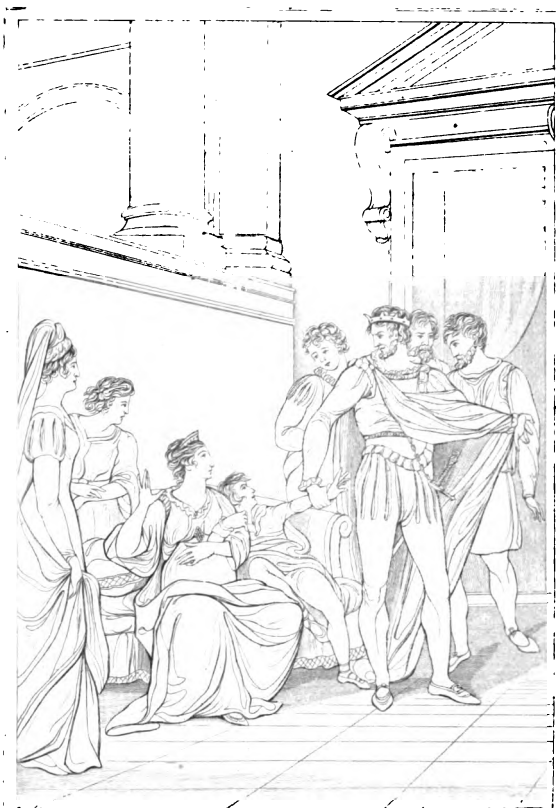
1 *Lord.* By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.

¹ Judgment.

² Heavings.

³ A thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet.



Camillus del.

Stirling sc.

WINTER'S TALE.
Leontes, Hermione, Marius &c.
Act II. Scene I

SCENE I.

WINTER'S TALE.

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Leontes, Hermione, Marcellus &c.
Act II. Scene I.

Give me the boy : I am glad, you did not nurse him.

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence ; he shall not come
about her :

Away with him ;—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her ; mark her well ; be but about
To say, ' She is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
' 'Tis pity, she's not honest, honorable.'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use ;—O, I am out,
That mercy does ; for calumny will sear¹
Virtue itself :—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest : but be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,

¹ Stigmatise or brand as infamous.

She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,
She's an adulteress ; I have said, with whom :
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
A federary¹ with her ; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowlege, that
You thus have publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no ; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,

¹ Confederate.

The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. Away with her to prison :
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off¹ guilty,
But that he speaks.²

Her. There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all, my
lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so
The king's will be perform'd !

Leon. Shall I be heard ? [*to the Guards.*

Her. Who is 't, that goes with me ? 'Beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me ; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;
[*to her Ladies.*

There is no cause ; when you shall know, your mis-
tress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out : this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,

¹ Remotely.

² In merely speaking.

I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of Heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables¹ where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Then when I feel and see her, no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on,²
That will be damn'd for't: 'would I knew the
villain,

¹ Keep my station.

² Instigator.

I would land-damn him. Be she honor-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honor,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon.

Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't, and feel 't;
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant.

If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon.

What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my
lord,

Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honor true, than your suspicion;
Be blamed for't how you might.

Leon.

Why, what need we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,

SHAK.

V.

T

The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, naught for approbation,¹
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency.² Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

¹ *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confined;

¹ Proof.

² Of abilities more than sufficient.

Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us :
We are to speak in public ; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The outer room of a prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Pau. The keeper of the prison,—call to him :

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowlege who I am.—Good lady !
No court in Europe is too good for thee ;
What dost thou then in prison ?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the KEEPER.

You know me ; do you not ?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honor.

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam : to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Pau. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honor from
The access of gentle visitors !—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?

Emilia ?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Pau. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Pau. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes coloring.

Re-enter KEEPER, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady ?

Emi. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together. On her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy ?

Emi. A daughter ; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives
Much comfort in 't : says, ' My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Pau. I dare be sworn.—
'These dangerous unsafe lunes ¹ o' the king ! beshrew
them !
He must be told on 't, and he shall : the office

¹ Fits of madness.

Becomes a woman best : I'll take 't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen :
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child :
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emi. Most worthy madam,
Your honor, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue : there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-
ship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
Lest she should be denied.

Pau. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emi. Now be you bless'd for it !
I'll to the queen. Please you, come something
nearer.

Keep. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the
babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Pau. You need not fear it, sir.
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Pau. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honor, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in the palace.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS, and other
Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but
weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level¹ of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me. Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

¹ Mark and aim.

1 *Att.* My lord? [*advancing.*

Leon. How does the boy?

1 *Att.* He took good rest to-night :
'Tis hoped, his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see
His nobleness !

Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply ;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself ;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely :¹ go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Att.*—Fie, fie ! no thought
of him ;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;
And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Pau. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life ? a gracious, innocent soul,

¹ Alone.

More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That 's enough.

1 *Att.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
manded

None should come at him.

Pau. Not so hot, good sir :

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Norish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either ; to purge him of that humor
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho ?

Pau. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How ?——

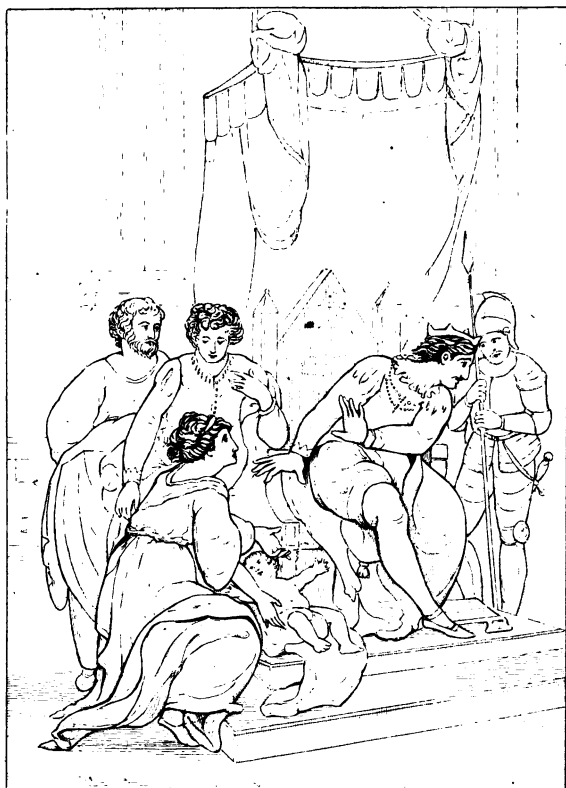
Away with that audacious lady ! Antigonus,
I charged thee, that she should not come about me ;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her ?

Pau. From all dishonesty he can : in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honor) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now : you hear !
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;
But she'll not stumble.



Hamilton del.

Starling sc.

WINTER'S TALE

Leontes, Antigonus, Paulina, Infant Perdita, &c.
Act II. Scene III



Hamilton del

Starling sc

WINTER'S TALE

*Leontes, Antagonus, Paulina, Infant Perdita, &c.
Act II. Scene III*

I say,

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yes,

Out
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ing your ill courses.

WINTER'S TALE

*Leontes, Antigonus, Paulina, Infant Perdita, &c.
Act II. Scene III*

Pau. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,¹
Than such as most seem yours.—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen ?

Pau. Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say,
good queen ;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst² about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me : on mine own accord I'll off ;
But, first, I'll do my errand. The good queen
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter ;
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[laying down the child.]

Leon. Out !

A mankind³ witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :
A most intelligencing bawd !

Pau. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so intitling me ; and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

¹ In encouraging your ill courses.

² Lowest.

³ Masculine.

Leon.

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard, [*to Antigonus.*] thou art woman-tired,¹
unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.²

Pau.

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess, by that forced³ baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon.

He dreads his wife.

Pau. So I would, you did; then, 'twere past all
doubt,

You 'd call your children yours.

Leon.

A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau.

Nor I, nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or stone was sound.

*Leon.*A callat,⁴

¹ Hen-pecked.² Thy old, worn-out woman.³ Forced is false, uttered with violence to truth.⁴ A trull.

Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her husband.

And now baits me! That brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Pau. It is yours ;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the
valley.

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger :—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow¹ in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !

Leon. A gross hag!—

And, lozel,² thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

¹ The color of jealousy.

3 Thou worthless fellow.

Pau. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Pau. I care not :

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant ;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy) something sa-
vors

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her ! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her !

Pau. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit !—What need these hands ?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so :—farewell : we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child ? away with 't !—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire ;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seise thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

1 *Lord.* We can : my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better
credit :

We have always truly served you ; and beseech
So to esteem of us : and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come) that you do change this purpose ;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows.
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither :

[to *Antigonus*.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life ;—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's gray ;—what will you ad-
venture
To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,

That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,¹
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for
the fail

Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,²
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this ; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses ! Wolves, and bears, they say,

¹ It was anciently a custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword.

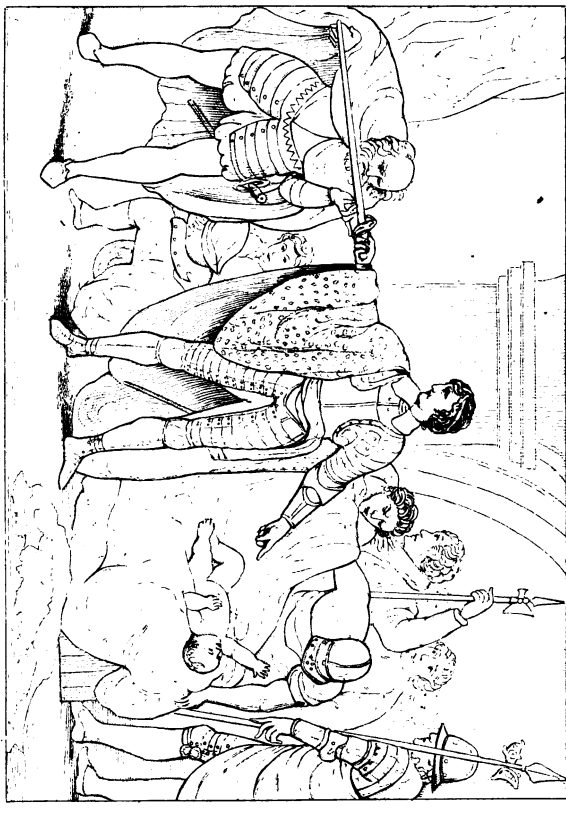
² Commit it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision.

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WINTERS' TALE



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Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require; and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[Exit, with the Child.]

Leon.

No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

1 Att. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. A street in some town.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cle. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report
(For most it caught me) the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cle. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen (O, be't so!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cle. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business. When the oracle

(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowlege.—Go;—fresh
horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A court of justice.

LEONTES, LORDS, and OFFICERS appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)

Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Eyen¹ to the guilt or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and
LADIES attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. 'Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned

¹ Equal.

of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence¹ whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.'

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, 'Not Guilty:' mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood,² shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus;—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised,
And play'd, to take spectators: for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe³
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore

¹ Scheme laid.

² Treachery.

³ Own, possess.

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare : ¹ for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus : if one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave !

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough ;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accused) I do confess,
I loved him, as in honor he required ;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded ;

¹ Be rid of.

Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not :
My life stands in the level¹ of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams :
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact² are so) so past all truth ;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails :³ for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

¹ Within the reach.

² They who have acted like you.

³ It is your business to deny this charge ; but the mere
denial will be useless.

Her. Sir, spare your threats :
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion :—lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit.¹ Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No ! life,
I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honor,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,
'Tis rigor, and not law.—Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle :
Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request

¹ The limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing.

Is altogether just ; therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers.]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter OFFICERS, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cle. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. *[reads.]* 'Hermione is chaste, Polixenes
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous
tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the
king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost
be not found.'

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

Off. Ay, my lord ; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle :
The sessions shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

Enter SERVANT, hastily.

Ser. My lord, the king, the king !

Leon. What is the business ?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it :
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,¹ is gone.

Leon. How ! gone ?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry ; and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*] How
now there ?

Pau. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look
down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence :
Her heart is but o'ercharged ; she will recover.
I have too much believed mine own suspicion.
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;
New woo my queen ; recal the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy :

¹ Of the event of the queen's trial.

For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honor.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Pau. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels, racks, fires? What flaying, boiling,
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies;—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine;—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed, stark mad; for all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayedst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honor,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't.
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the
queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and ven-
geance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Pau. I say, she's dead; I'll swear 't: if word
nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees

Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon.

Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord.

Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Pau.

I am sorry for't :

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon.

Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child, and a MARINER.

Ant. Thou art perfect¹ then, our ship hath touch'd
upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get
aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather:
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures

¹ Well assured.

"THOUGH" WERE TOGETHER, HARK! LISTEN!
 "NOT" A SINGLE WORD... AND ALL WINTER
 "I" STAND BEFORE... YOUR HIGHNESS THE QUEEN
 "AND" THAT WAS THE WAY.

Leo. TO ALL THE BE

THOU SHALT NOT WORK TOO HARD : I HAVE OBSERVED
 ALL COURTES TO TALK THEIR BUSINESS.

Leo. TO ALL THE BE

HAVE OF THE BUSINESS TOO VOL HAVE MADE ME
 ! THE BUSINESS OF YOUR MIND.

Leo. TO ALL THE BE

ALL THAT I SEEK : WHEN I SHALL HAVE TO KNOW THAT
 I GO FORTH : AHA : I HAVE SHOW'D TOO MUCH
 THE BUSINESS OF A WOMAN : NEARLY 'T
 TO THE NOBLE HEART :—WHAT A YOUNG AND WHAT A YOUNG
 HER :

Should be vast grief : Do not receive affliction
 At my retreat : I teach you : rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you

Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
 The love I bore your queen,—ho, fool again!—
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children.
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too. I'll—
 And I'll—

Leo.

W

The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual: once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation. So long as
 Nature will bear up with this exercise,
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
 And lead me to these sorrows.

[Exeunt.]

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 We have landed in ill time: the skies look grim,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
 And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Get ye
 aboard;

Look to thy bark;

I call thee.

T. Make

Of prey, that keep upon 't.

Ant.

Go thou away ;

I 'll follow instantly.

Mar.

I am glad at heart

To be so rid o' the business.

[*Exit.*

Ant.

Come, poor babe.—

I have heard, (but not believed) the spirits of the
dead

May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me ;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her :—' Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia ;
There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call 't : for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more :—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :

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Sealing 61

WINTER'S TALE
Antagonism pursued by a Boar
Act III Scene III

Wright del

SCENE III.

WINTER'S TALK.

ACT IV.

Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
[laying down the child.]

There lie, and there thy character :¹ there these;
[laying down a bundle.]

Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins. Poor
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to
have

A lullaby too rough. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. *[Exit, pursued by a bear.]*

Enter an old SHEPHERD.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten
and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out

¹ i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*taking up the child.*] Mercy on 's, a barne;¹ a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child,² I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Hillos, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

¹ Child.

² Female infant.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service;—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman!—But to make an end of the ship;—to see how the sea flap-dragoned¹ it;—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clown. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing. *[aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st

¹ Swallowed.

with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth¹ for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see:—it was told me, I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling:²—open't. What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it; keep it close: home, home, the next³ way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secresy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst⁴ but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

¹ The mantle in which a child was carried to be baptised.

² Some child left behind by the fairies.

³ Nearest.

⁴ Mischievous.

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy and terror

Of good and bad; that make and unfold error;—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried¹
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make
stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,²

¹ The intermediate time unexamined.

² Imagine for me.

with some care ; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness ; from whom I have this intelligence :—that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place ; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question¹ with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo !—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Conversation.

ween¹ to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee, speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother, whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have, missingly,² noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and

¹ Think too highly of myself.

² Occasionally.

My traffic is sheets ; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus ; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab, I purchased this caparison ; and my revenue is the silly cheat.¹ Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway ; beating and hanging are terrors to me : for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize ! a prize !

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Let me see :—Every 'leven wether tods ;² every tod yields—pound and odd shilling : fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to ?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*aside.*

Clown. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see ; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast ? 'Three pound of sugar ; five pound of currants ; rice.'——What will this sister of mine do with rice ? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers : three-man song-men all,³ and very good ones ; but they are most of them means⁴ and basses : but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must

¹ Picking pockets.

² i. e. the wool of eleven sheep weighs a tod, or 28lbs.

³ Singers of catches in three parts.

⁴ Tenors.

have saffron, to color the warden¹ pies; 'mace,—dates,'—none; that's out of my note: 'nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger,' but that I may beg;—'four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins 'o' the sun.'

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[groveling on the ground.]

Clown. I' the name of me——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand: I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[helping him up.]

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, O!

¹ Wardens are a species of large pears.

Clown. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir; softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:¹ I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.²

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a

¹ Machines used in the game of *trou-madame*, or pigeon-holes.

² Sojourn awhile.

motion¹ of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig,² for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way!

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—*[Exit Clown.]* Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

¹ Puppet-show.

² A cant term for a thief.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
 And merrily hent¹ the stile-a :
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same. A shepherd's cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of
 you
 Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora,
 Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
 Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
 And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
 To chide at your extremes,² it not becomes me.
 O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,
 The gracious mark o' the land,³ you have obscured
 With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
 Most goddess-like prank'd⁴ up. But that our
 feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
 Digest it with a custom, I should blush
 To see you so attired ; sworn, I think,
 To show myself a glass.

¹ Take hold of. ² The extravagance of your praises.

³ The object of all men's notice.

⁴ To prank is to dress with ostentation.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference¹ forges dread: your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. 'The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,

¹ i. e. of rank.

Which then will speak ; that you 'must change this
purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's ; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming :

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious !

Enter SHEPHERD, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised ; CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach :
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife lived,
upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame and servant ; welcomed all, served all ;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn ; now
here,

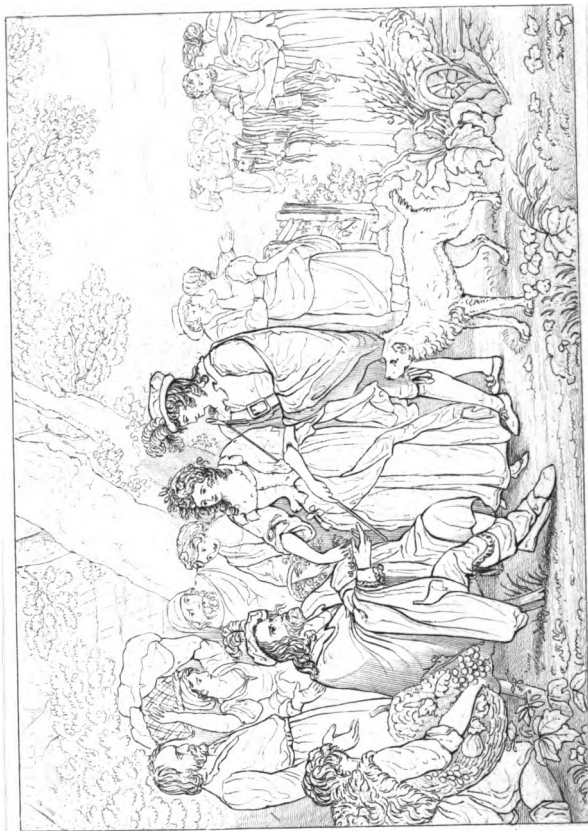
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Whalley del.

WINTER'S TALE

Florizel, Perdita, Polixenes, Camillo, &c.

Act IV. Scene III

Flourish &c.

At upper end o' the table; now, i' ~~the middle:~~

~~At upper end of the table; now in the middle.~~ -----

Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call Nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For¹ I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their pidedness,² shares
With great creating Nature.

Pol. Say, there be ;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend Nature,—change it rather : but
The art itself is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ;

¹ Because.

² Diversity of color.

No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only there-
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping;—these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing.—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's¹ waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and

¹ Pluto's.

The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

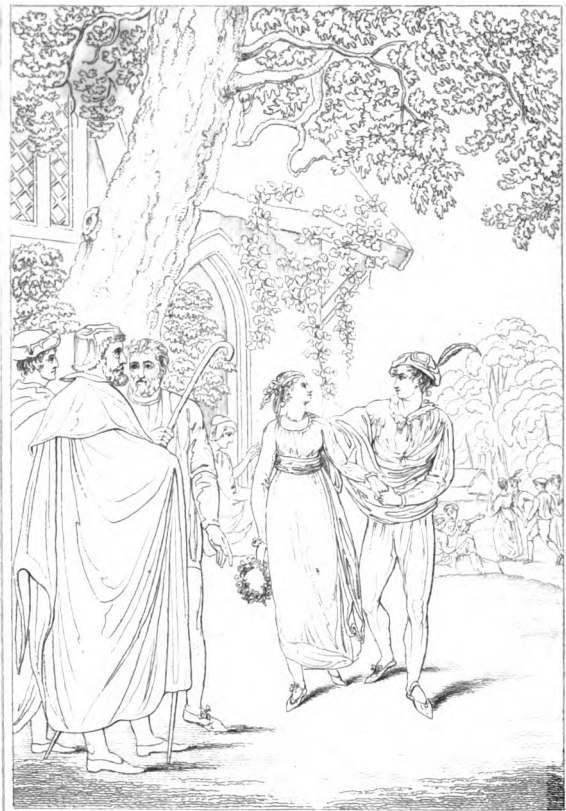
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse ; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers :

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.¹

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;

¹ Your manner in each act crowns the act.



Hammett del.

Starbuck sc.

WINTER'S TALE
Floriad, Pordata, Polzaros &c
 Act IV Scene III

~~With wisdom I might fear my Doricles,~~

ACT IV Scene III

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill¹ to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green sward: nothing she does, or
seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something.
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, gar-
lick,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.—

Come, strike up. [music.]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

¹ Reason.

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding : ¹ but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it :
He looks like sooth. ² He says, he loves my daughter :

I think so too ; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly. ³

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I report it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you : he
sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money ; he
utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's
ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better : he shall
come in. I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be
doleful matter, merrily set down ; or a very pleasant
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

¹ A valuable tract of pasturage.

² Truth.

³ Neatly.

Ser. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of 'dildos' and 'fadings;' 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretched-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?¹

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colors i' the rainbow; points,² more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles,³ caddisses,⁴ cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses: you would think, a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand,⁵ and the work about the square⁶ on 't.

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

¹ ' Plain wares, not twisted into braids, such as ribands, cambrics, lawns, &c.'—Malone.

² Laces, with metal tags to them.

³ Tapes.

⁴ Narrow worsted galloons.

⁵ Cuff.

⁶ Bosom.

Clown. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

' Lawn, as white as driven snow ;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces and for noses ;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,¹
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come, buy,' &c.

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me ; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

¹ These were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,¹ to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamor your tongues,² and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace,³ and a pair of sweet⁴ gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money ?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man ; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, a'-life ; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-

¹ Fire-place for drying malt.

² 'i. e. ring a peal with muffled bells.'—Steevens.

³ A kind of necklace worn by country girls.

⁴ Perfumed.

bags at a burden, and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too. Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou 'lt bear a part,
thou shalt hear: 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my
occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be:

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither goest? say, whither?

Clown. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad¹ talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [aside.

' Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

¹ Serious.

Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the newest, and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedler:
Money's a medler,
That doth utter¹ all men's ware-a.'
[*Exeunt Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*]

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair:² they call themselves saltiers;³ and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry⁴ of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on 't; here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.⁵

¹ Sell.

² i. e. dressed themselves in close habits tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair.

³ Satyrs.

⁴ A medley.

⁵ Foot-rule.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter SERVANT, with twelve rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.

He's simple, and tells much. [*aside.*] How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was
young,

And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks:¹ I would have ran-
sack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,

¹ Toys.

But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient air, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved. I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's
bolted¹

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbor too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all;
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and know-
lege,
More than was ever man's;—I would not prize
them,

Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

¹ The fine sieve used to separate flour from bran is called a bolting-cloth.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands: a bargain.—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you:
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs; is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? Can he speak?
hear?

Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?¹
Lies he not bed-rid ? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish ?

Flo. No, good sir ;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife ; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son : he shall not need to
grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[discovering himself.]

¹ Talk over his own affairs.

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week: and thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou copest with;—

Shep.

O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers,
and made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as
never

I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far¹ than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment!—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honor therein,
Unworthy thee;—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't.

[*Erit.*

Per.

Even here undone!

¹ Farther.

I was not much afeard ; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone ?

[to Florizel.

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam.

Why, how now, father ?

Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep.

I cannot speak nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O, sir,

[to Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones : but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust. O cursed wretch !

[to Perdita.

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst ad-
venture

To mingle faith with him !—Undone ! undone !
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Flo.

Why look you so upon me ?

I am but sorry, not afeard ; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am :
More straining on, for plucking back ; not following

My leash¹ unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper : at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him ; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be
thus !

How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known !

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith ; and then
Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within. Lift up thy looks.
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy :² if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it ; but it does fulfil my vow :

¹ Leading-string.

² Love.

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honor'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowlege, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.— [*takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*to Camillo.*

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honor;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,

I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [going.]

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self;—embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honor,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As Heavens forefend! your ruin) marry her;
And (with my best endeavors, in your absence)
Your discontenting¹ father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

¹ For discontented.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as the unthought-on accident¹ is guilty
To what we wildly do ; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight ;—make for Sicilia ;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes :
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person : kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What color for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,

¹ This unexpected discovery made by my father.

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down;

The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,¹
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you: .

There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most cer-
tain,

To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true.

I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in² the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?

There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,

¹ Audience.

² Comprehend.

She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this :
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine : for instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[they talk aside.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have
sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a
riband, glass, pomander,¹ brooch, table-book, ballad,
knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to

¹ A little ball made of perfumes, and worn to prevent infection in times of plague.

keep my pack from fasting : they throng who should buy first ; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer ; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse ; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it : so that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses ; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs¹ from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,——

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !

¹ A chough is a bird resembling a jackdaw.

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?——
[seeing *Autolycus*.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now;——why,
hanging. [aside.

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou
so? Fear not, man: here's no harm intended to
thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty,
we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee
instantly, (thou must think there's necessity in't)
and change garments with this gentleman. Though
the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold
thee; there's some boot.¹

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—I know ye well
enough. [aside.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is
half flayed² already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick
of it. [aside.

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot
with conscience take it.

¹ Something over and above.

² Stripped.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle !

[Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress, let my prophecy
Come home to you : you must retire yourself
Into some covert ; take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er thy brows ; muffle your face ;
Dismantle you ; and, as you can, disliking
The truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot ?
Pray you, a word. *[they converse apart.]*

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
[aside:]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after : in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us !—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter CLOWN and SHEPHERD.

Aside, aside:—here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by

him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! *[aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king: there is that in this fardel,¹ will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.²—*[takes off his false beard.]* How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,³ breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, sir.

¹ Bundle.

² Beard.

³ Estate, property.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.¹

Clown. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.²

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?³ receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate or toze⁴ from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-à-pé; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet Nature might have made me as these are; Therefore I'll not disdain.

¹ i. e. they sell it us.

³ The stately tread of courtiers.

² In the fact.

⁴ Cajole or force.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there; what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane¹ to him, though removed fifty times, shall

¹ Related.

all come under the hangman; which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,¹ shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered,² I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close

¹ The hottest day foretold in the almanack.

² Being handsomely bribed.

with him; give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son. Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune

would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Sicilia. A room in the palace of Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cle. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of

The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord :
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd !
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did : it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady !
You might have spoken a thousand things, that
would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.

Pau. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame ; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well ?¹

¹ At rest, dead.

What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Pau. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :
For has not the divine Apollo said,—
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,—
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue;
[to *Leontes*.

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor,—O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth :

No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one
worse,

And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,
Begin, 'And why to me?'

Pau. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Pau. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift¹ to hear me; and the words that fol-
low'd
Should be, 'Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Pau. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cle. You tempt him over-much.

Pau. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,

¹ Split.

Affront¹ his eye.

Cle. Good madam,—

Pau. I have¹ done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will ; give me the office
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young
As was your former ; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,

We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Pau. That

Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath ;
Never till then.

Enter GENTLEMAN.

Gen. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? He comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train ?

Gen. But few,
And those but mean.

¹ Meet.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gen. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Pau. O Hermione,

As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better, gone; so must thy grave

Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your-
self

Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now

Is colder than that theme ¹) 'She had not been,

Nor was not to be equall'd;' thus your verse

Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,

To say, you have seen a better.

Gen. Pardon, madam:

The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)

The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,

Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,

Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal

Of all professors else; make proselytes

Of who she but bid follow.

Pau. How? not women?

Gen. Women will love her, that she is a woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is

The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,

¹ i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione.

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman.*]
He thus should steal upon us.

Pau. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord : there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more ; cease : thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly,
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
And you, fair princess, goddess !—O, alas !
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do : and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father ; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
seised

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee,
stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honor'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,

For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman ;¹ against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin ;
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless ; and your father's bless'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you ?

Enter LORD.

Lord. Most noble sir,
'That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :
Desires you to attach² his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

¹ A gentleman full of grace and virtue.

² Seize, arrest.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him.

I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honor, and whose honesty, till now,
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question.¹ Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak.
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be:
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—

¹ Conversation.

The odds for high and low's¹ alike.

Leon. My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,

When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth² as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:

Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
'Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Pau. Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
gazes

¹ A quibble on the false dice so called.

² Descent or wealth.

Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[to Florizel.

Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father :
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you ; upon which errand
I now go toward him ; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN.

Aut. 'Beseech you sir, were you present at this relation ?

1 Gen. I was by at the opening of the fardel ;
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he
found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we
were all commanded out of the chamber ; only this,
methought, I heard the shepherd say ; he found the
child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gen. I make a broken delivery of the business :
but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo
were very notes of admiration : they seemed almost,
with staring on one another, to tear the cases of
their eyes : there was speech in their dumbness,
language in their very gesture ; they looked, as they
had heard of a world ransomed or one destroyed. A

notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance¹ were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another GENTLEMAN.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gen.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gen.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the

¹ Import.

affection of nobleness,¹ which Nature shows above her breeding;—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gen.* No.

3 *Gen.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor.² Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping³ her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gen.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gen.* Like an old tale still; which will have

¹ Her nobleness of disposition.

² Countenance, features.

³ Embracing.

matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear : this avouches the shepherd's son ; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gen.* What became of his bark, and his followers ?

3 *Gen.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd : so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina ! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the princess from the earth ; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gen.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gen.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter ; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an Alas ! I would fain say, bleed tears ; for, I am sure, my

heart wept blood. Who was most marble there,¹ changed color : some swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gen.* Are they returned to the court ?

3 *Gen.* No : the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano ; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone ; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gen.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed² house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing ?

1 *Gen.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access ? Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowlege. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince ;

¹ Those who had the hardest hearts.

² Remote.

told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he, at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have reliash'd among my other discredits.

Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN.

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir: you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the

two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, called my father father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand. I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins¹ say it; I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall² fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and

¹ Yeomen.

² Stout.

that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Paulina's house.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

Pau. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsafed,

With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble. But we came

'To see the statue of our queen : your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities ; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Pau. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart : but here it is : prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis well.

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.]
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder : but yet speak ;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural posture !—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione ; or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Pau. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,

As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed. Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. *Lady,*
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Pau. O patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd; the color's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Pau. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought¹ you, (for the stone is
mine)

¹ Agitated.

I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Pau. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your
fancy

May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,

Would you not deem, it breathed, and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done :

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,¹
As ² we are mock'd with art.

Pau. I'll draw the curtain :

My lord's almost so far transported, that

He'll think anon, it lives.

Léon. O sweet Paulina,

Make me to think so twenty years together ;

No settled senses of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Pau. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you :
but

I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;

¹ Though her eye be fixed, yet it seems to have motion in it.

² As if.

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me,

For I will kiss her.

Pau. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet :
You 'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

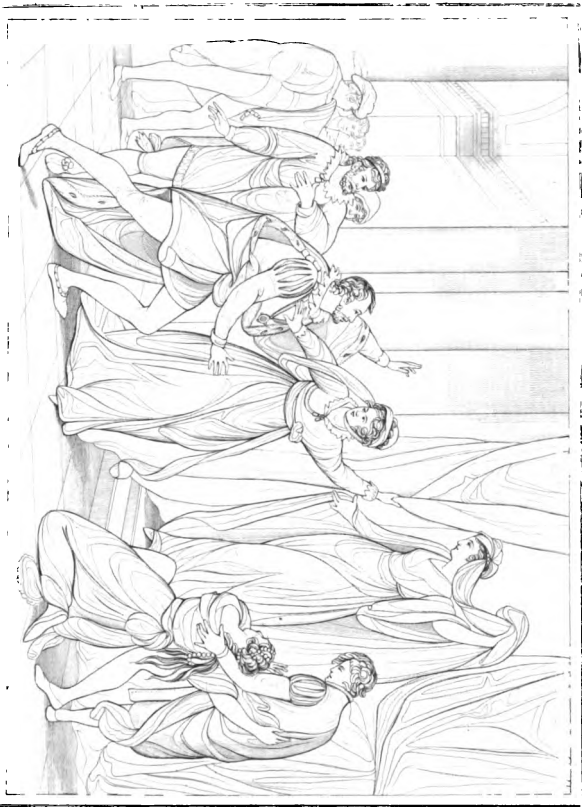
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Pau. Either forbear ;
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand. But then you 'll think,
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on ; what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Pau. It is required,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still ;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.



Hamilton del.

Scarping sc.

WINTER'S TALE

Lovell's Edition

Act V. Scene III.

Pau. Music ; awake her : strike.—

[music.]

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeathe to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs.

[Hermione comes down from the pedestal.]

Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm ! *[embracing her.]*

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck :

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has
lived,

Or how stolen from the dead.

Pau. That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.

[presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserved
Myself, to see the issue.

Pau. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake¹ to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said
many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,

¹ Communicate.

And take her by the hand, whose worth, and honesty,

Is richly noted, and here justified

By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.—

What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks

My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,

And son unto the king, (whom Heavens directing)

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,

Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely

Each one demand, and answer to his part

Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first

We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. V.





